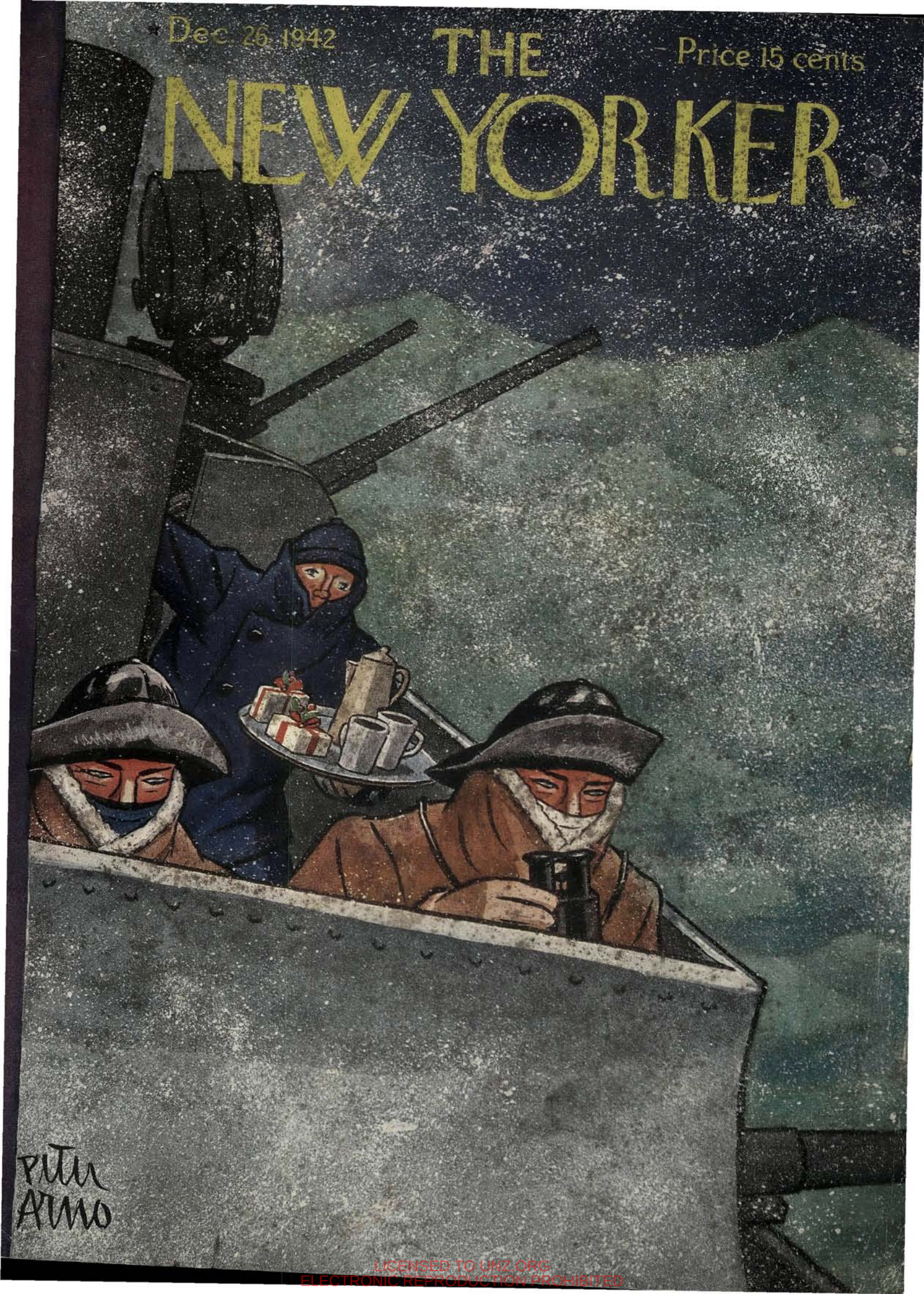
Dec. 26 1942

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



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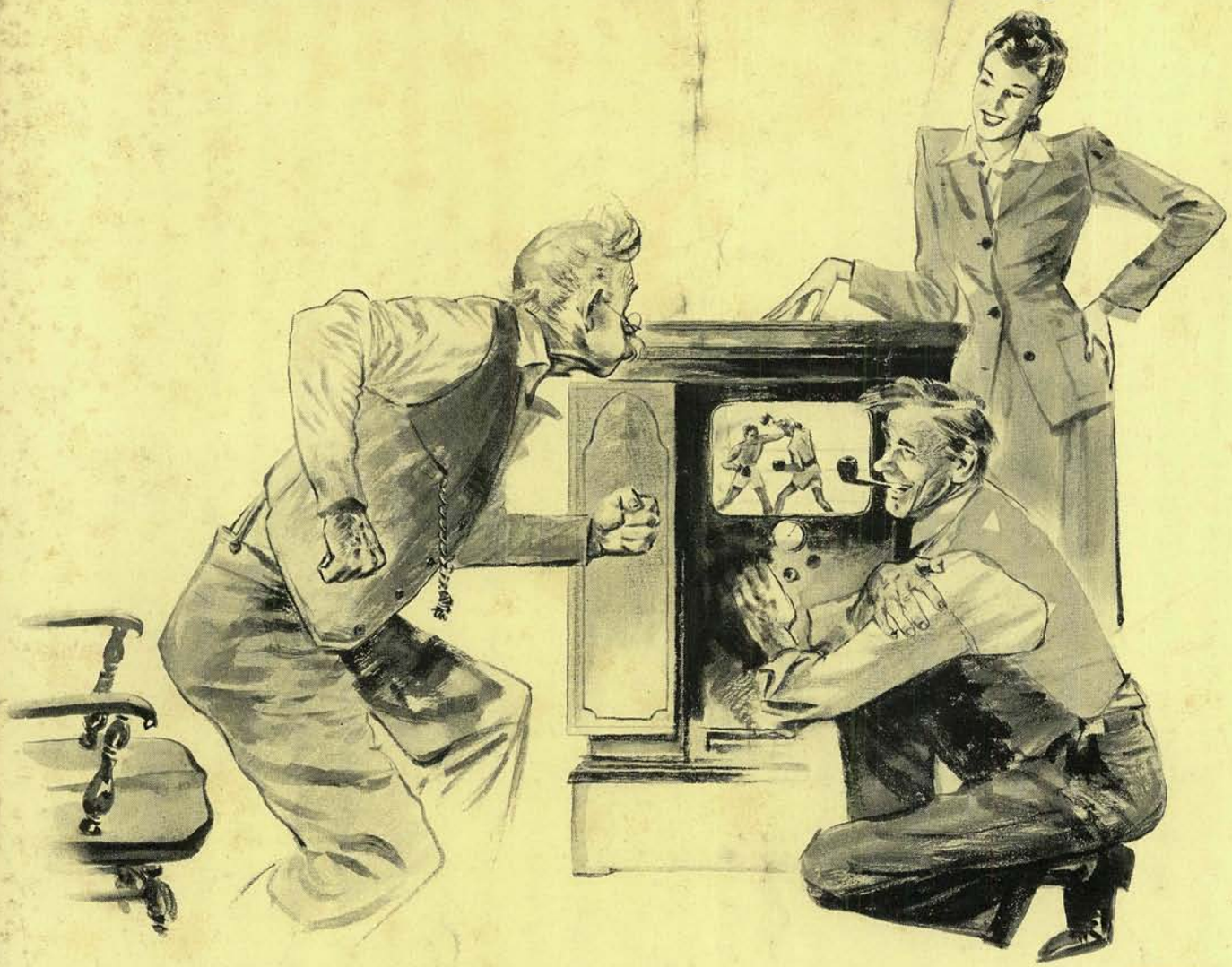
How American it is... to want something better!



MAYBE we have to wait till the war is over and television comes from around the corner before we can all have this *particular* "something better." But how American it is to *want* such things. A better camera or a better watch or a better baking potato—it makes no difference what the product is—we are forever looking for "something better."

ONE OF THE "BETTER THINGS" America discovered long ago is a moderate beverage, an Ale in fact, with a trade mark whose 3 Rings stand for "Purity," "Body," "Flavor." Since 1840 this Ale has been acclaimed by many. *So* many, that in this land of something better it has become . . .

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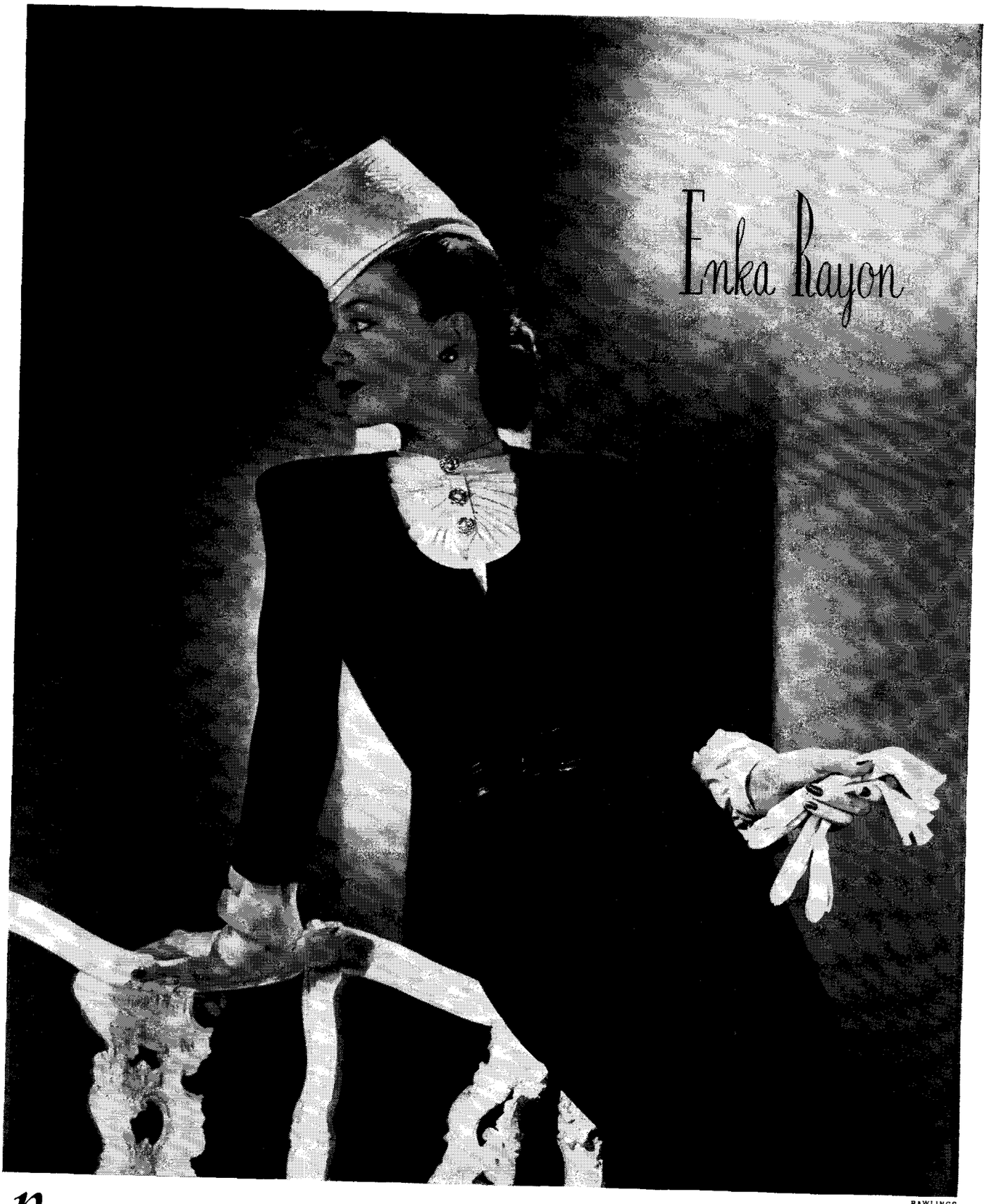

RAWLINGS

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week and next, as indicated below, there will be some juggling of schedules because of Christmas and New Year's. There may be further changes at the last minute, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mats. Fri., Dec. 25 and Jan. 1, at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. This Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Effie Shannon and Erich von Stroheim, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's effervescent comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. A first-class comedy that turns into a fairly routine problem play in the last act. With Phyllis Thaxter and Beverly Bayne. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40; extra performance New Year's Eve. at 11:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.; extra Mats. Wed. and Fri., Dec. 30 and Jan. 1, at 3.)

Counselor-at-Law—Paul Muni in a revival of Elmer Rice's play about a shyster lawyer with a heart of gold. Still pretty good fun, though it is fairly dated in spots. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Fri. and Sat.)

The Damask Cheek—John van Druten's tenuous but generally agreeable comedy about life in the East Sixties in 1909. Flora Robson, Celeste Holm, and Myron McCormick are the performers principally involved. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Tues., Dec. 29.)

The Eve of St. Mark—The tragedy of Bataan dealt with by Maxwell Anderson in a play that is interesting but probably more effective as a recruiting poster. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe are prominently cast. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Fri., Jan. 1.)

Janie—Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins in a mild comedy of interest only to people who always find adolescence fascinating. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.; extra Mats. Wed. and Fri., Dec. 30 and Jan. 1, at 2:40.)

Junior Miss—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls. The adults include Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Thurs. and Mon., Dec. 24 and 28, at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.; extra Mats. Wed. and Fri., Dec. 30 and Jan. 1, at 3.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is now in its fourth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney still play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—A fine, dizzy comedy of two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, who discover that Greenwich Village life is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's stories have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Native Son—A return engagement of the play based on Richard Wright's moving and provocative novel. Canada Lee continues to give a remarkable performance in the leading rôle and Orson Welles is again the director. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

The Pirate—The Lunts have a field day in this handsome costume piece by S. N. Behrman, which nevertheless has its dull moments. Others in the cast include Estelle Winwood, Clarence Derwent, Lea Penman, and Alan Reed. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

The Skin of Our Teeth—Thornton Wilder's superb fantasy about a New Jersey family who survived the Ice Age, the Flood, and a couple of wars. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Tallulah Bankhead are among the indestructible people in the cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Thurs., Fri., and Sun., Dec. 24, 25, and 27, at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Strip for Action—The doings of a burlesque troupe in an Army camp, made into an ingenious and likable comedy by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. The cast includes Keenan Wynn, Eleanor Lynn, and Joey Faye. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun. Closes Sat., Jan. 2.)

Uncle Harry—A pretty melodrama about a murderer who tries to confess but can't get anybody to believe him. Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye may possibly convince you against your better judgment. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Willow and I—A rather uneasy combination of melodrama and psychoanalysis, dealing with two sisters who are out after the same man. Martha Scott, Barbara O'Neil, and Gregory Peck for the triangle. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Without Love—Katharine Hepburn and Elliott Nugent in Philip Barry's comedy about a marriage of convenience. Generally entertaining, although the author's political theories seem a little elementary. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Fri. and Sun., Dec. 25 and 27, at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs., except Dec. 31, and Sat.; extra Mat. Fri., Jan. 1.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Three Sisters—Katharine Cornell, Judith Anderson, Ruth Gordon, Edmund Gwenn, and Dennis King in Miss Cornell's production of the Chekhov play. Staged by Guthrie McClintic. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Flare Path—A new play by Terence Rattigan, with Nancy Kelly and Arthur Margetson. Staged by Margaret Webster and produced by Gilbert Miller. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 2.

WITH MUSIC

By Jupiter—Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, Ray Bolger, and many other talented people have collaborated on this musical version of "The Warrior's Husband." One of the pleasantest events so far this season. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Fri., Jan. 1.)

Let's Face It!—When it isn't being cute, this comedy about three restless matrons and their escorts is extremely handsome and satisfactory. Carol Goodner and Mary Jane Walsh assist Danny Kaye with the acting. Cole Porter is responsible for most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Fri., Jan. 1, at 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Sat., and 2:45, Sun.)

Show Time—Another vaudeville show, and this time well worth your money. The program includes George Jessel, Jack Haley, Ella Logan, and the De Marcos, all of whom are very fine. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., except Dec. 24, and Sat.; also Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30; extra Mats. Fri., Dec. 25 and Jan. 1, at 2:40.)

Sons o' Fun—This blood brother to "Hellz-a-Poppin" cost more, but it is just as strange. The current Olsen and Johnson brain storm also contains Frank Libuse and Joe Besser. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Thurs. and Mon., Dec. 24 and 28, at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.; extra Mats. Fri., Dec. 25 and Jan. 1.)

Star and Garter—Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee in a strange mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it. Rough but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs., except Dec. 31, and Sat.; extra Mats. Wed. and Fri., Dec. 30 and Jan. 1.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

New Faces of 1943—A revue by John Lund, Lee Wainer, and others, with Leonard Sillman, Laura Deane Dutton, and Tony Farrar. Produced by Mr. Sillman. (Ritz, 48, W. CI 6-9720. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.; extra Mat. Fri., Dec. 25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Cry Havoc—A new play by Allan R. Kenward with an all-woman cast which includes Katherine Emery, Katherine Locke, and Thelma Schnee. Staged by Mr. Kenward and produced by Lee Shubert and Harry Kaufman. Opens Fri., Dec. 25. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

Sweet Charity—A farce by Irving Brecher and Manuel Seff, with Philip Loeb and Viola Roache. Staged by George Abbott and produced by Alfred Bloomingdale and Lee Shubert. Opens Mon., Dec. 28. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.; extra Mat. Fri., Jan. 1.)

The Russian People—An adaptation by Clifford Odets and Harris Moss of a melodrama by Konstantin Simonov, with Leon Ames and Luther Adler. Produced by the Theatre Guild. Opens Tues., Dec. 29. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. Benefit preview Mon., Dec. 28, at 8:40, for Russian War Relief.)

The Doughgirls—A farce by Joseph Fields, staged by George S. Kaufman and produced by Max Gordon, with a cast which includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. Opens Wed., Dec. 30. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Ruth Draper—Presenting a series of monologue programs in her first appearance here in two years. Nightly at 8:40, from Fri., Dec. 25, through Sun., Jan. 3. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun., Dec. 26-27; and Tues., Thurs., Sat., and Sun., Dec. 29, 31, Jan. 2, and 3. (New York Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362.)

Stars on Ice—A skating spectacle, produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40.; extra performance New Year's Eve. at 11:40.

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For once, the fortune teller is probably right. She has on her side the strong fact that healthy children usually grow into healthy parents, and that healthy parents usually have healthy children.

America's children grow stronger and more healthy each successive generation.

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National Dairy Research is constantly adding to the fund of existing knowledge about one of the great basic human foods . . . milk, and milk products. The entire National Dairy organization is devoted to the translating of this knowledge into better methods of producing, processing and distributing milk for millions of people in many cities in the land.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 2.

Mats. 2:40, Fri. and Sat., Dec. 25-26, and Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat., Dec. 28, 29, 30, Jan. 1, and 2; also Sun., Dec. 27, at 3.)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—The Savoy Opera Guild in "The Gondoliers," Thurs. through Sun., Dec. 24-27; "Ruddigore," Thurs. through Sun., Dec. 31-Jan. 3; at 8:30 P.M. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

DOODLE DANDY OF THE U.S.A.—A musical play by Saul Lancourt and Elie Siegmeister, presented by Junior Programs: Sat., Dec. 26, through Sat., Jan. 2, at 2:30 P.M. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067.)

SUE HASTINGS MARIONETTES—"Peter Rabbit" and "Christmas Circus," Mon., Dec. 28; "Sinbad the Sailor" and "The Puppet Follies," Sat., Jan. 2; at 3:45 P.M. (Junior League Clubhouse, 221 E. 71. BU 8-6220.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A holiday-season play room for children, with painting facilities and games, as well as an exhibit of modern art selected for its appeal to young folk, will be open weekdays, except Christmas, from 12 noon to 7 P.M., and on Sun. and New Year's from 1 to 7 P.M.; through Jan. 17.

DANCE RECITALS

ANGNA ENTERS—Presenting both new and familiar numbers: nightly at 8:30, from Sun., Dec. 27, through Thurs., Dec. 31. Mat. 2:30, Wed., Dec. 30. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868.)

DORIS HUMPHREY—With her company and José Limon in an all-Bach program played by Roman Totenberg and Lionel Nowak: Sun., Dec. 27, at 8:45 P.M. (Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sun. or Mon., and a few of them won't be open Christmas or New Year's night, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is pleasant and decorous, and a fine place for serious dancing. Jules Lande's orchestra.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—There's an ice show in the Bowman Room, with Hazel Franklin and the Heasley Twins. Music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Unmistakably tropical, with a show headed by Joe E. Lewis. Ted Straeter's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A popular spot among people who regard dancing as an art rather than an exercise. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Sonny Kendis's orchestra, a rumba band, and a considerable number of mirrors. Tea dancing Sat.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room is fine for your more lofty moods. Jane Pickens sings and the music is by Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is packing them into the Persian Room with her singing, and Bob Grant's orchestra helps to see that they stay there. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—This show place of Rockefeller Center will close for the duration of the war after the New Year's Eve celebration. Eleanor French and Leo Reisman's orchestra head the final bill. The Rainbow Grill, where Russ Smith's orchestra is playing, will close simultaneously.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Evan Jones's orchestra supplies the music in the Iridium Room. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, you'll find Bob Terry's and Freddy Miller's orchestras.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Lena Horne is singing in the Café Lounge, where Paul Baron's orchestra plays. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band. Ray Benson's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East-Side place that has a touch of Broadway about it. Emil Coleman's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show headed by Elsa Maxwell.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra is playing for dancing in the Wedgwood Room, where, late in the evening, it is joined by Rosario and Antonio and Mischa Borr's orchestra. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—LE RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a sequestered place, with Maxine Sullivan (through Tues., Dec. 29) and the Bil Baird puppets. . . . SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself singing those hearty songs of hers, and there are other performers as well. . . . LA VIE PARISIENNE, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): the life Parisian is depicted mainly in the murals, but there's also Libby Holman and a small show. . . . 1-2-3 CLUB, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and other people play gin rummy in this big, low-ceilinged, softly lighted room. . . . PENTHOUSE CLUB, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the cozy log fire should make you feel clandestine.

MISCELLANEOUS—At LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small spots, with two orchestras—Dick Wilson's and an all-girl one. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): you can almost reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; Anne Francine sings and George Morris's orchestra plays. . . . LA MARTINIQUE, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and straightforward, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show. . . . RIOBAMBA, 151 E. 57 (EL 5-9603): songs by Jane Froman, music by Nat Brandwynne, walls and ceilings by Russell Patterson. . . . CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): mainly swing, with Hazel Scott and Teddy Wilson's orchestra; Zero Mostel is around too. . . . MON PAREE, 142 E. 53 (EL 5-7765): a newish spot which is experimenting with a big floor show on a little floor; Adelaide Moffett heads the entertainers. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings; Kris Kay's and Cornelius Codolban's orchestras. . . . ASTOR ROOF, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Jan Savitt's orchestra. . . . COMMODORE, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . WARWICK, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a small, comfortable place, with Ron Perry's orchestra. . . . BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for Huddie Ledbetter singing folk songs. . . . JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy. . . . LATIN QUARTER, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the Folies-Bergère crossed with Loew's State in a revue that's colossal at least. . . . LA CONGA, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Jack Harris's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show headed by Georgie Price—all in a tropical setting. . . . HAVANA-MADRID, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with a rumba band and a show. . . . 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers' humor isn't on the delicate side, but nobody seems to mind.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): boogie-woogie headquarters, where most of the Village goes to hear Ammons and Johnson, Georgie James's orchestra, and other entertainers. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Georg Brunis and his orchestra are playing in this downtown place. . . . KELLY'S STABLE, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): as unpretentious as its name, but there's Coleman Hawkins' orchestra. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton and his trio have practically become part of the bandstand here.

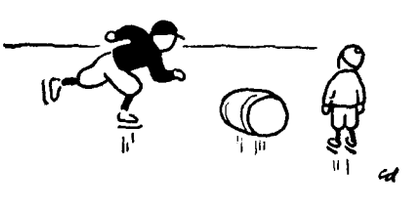
FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: KRETCHMA, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-6444). . . . Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on Christmas and New Year's.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, B'way at 155—Paintings, sculptures, architectural drawings, and works in other media by members of the Academy and of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

AMERICAN PRIMITIVES—Oils and water colors, mainly early-nineteenth-century and including some superb examples: Primitives, 555 Madison, at 56. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 26.



ART OF THIS CENTURY, 30 W. 57—A new museum, housing the Peggy Guggenheim collection of paintings and sculptures by modern Europeans and Americans. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

AVERY—Oils, cool in tone, gently stylized in design: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 26.

DANIEL COLLECTION—A selection of pastels and water colors from the collection of Charles Daniel, prominent art dealer just after the last war. Many now-famous names are included, such as Charles Demuth, Preston Dickinson, Marsden Hartley, and Man Ray: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays, except Sat., Dec. 26, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 8.

DE CREEFT—New sculptures, strongly stylized and generally quite effective: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31.

FRENCH—Paintings by Corot, Courbet, Delacroix, and other nineteenth-century artists: Schneider-Gabriel, 69 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31.

GROSSER—Oils, by an artist who is at once bold about design and meticulous about detail: Julien Levy, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 2.

GROUPS—At the MARQUIÉ, 16 W. 57: small oils, water colors, and other works by a mixed batch of Americans, including Milton Avery, George Constant, and Gerrit Hondius. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 8 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58; drawings by Isabel Bishop, Edward Laning, Doris Rosenthal, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 2. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58: paintings by various French and American artists and others, in the gallery's annual Christmas showing. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 2. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 730 5 Ave., at 57: small, but soundly selected, show of paintings done during the last war, by John Sloan, Gifford Beal, and other artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 9. . . . KELEKIAN, 20 E. 57: paintings and sculptures by Marsden Hartley, Max Weber, Tamayo, Archipenko, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31. . . . BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57: prints by American and European artists and small sculptures by Maillol and Flannagan. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31. . . . WAKEFIELD, 64 E. 55: illustrations by Bemelmans, Gergely, and Newberry. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31.

KANDINSKY—A retrospective of this artist's work from 1909 to 1938: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31.

KLEINHOLZ—One of the prize-winners of "Artists for Victory" has his first one-man show: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 9.

MARIN—Recent oils and water colors, with some particularly fine sea pieces among them: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays, including Christmas and New Year's, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 11.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—The big "Artists for Victory" exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints, offering what's probably the most comprehensive coverage of contemporary American art ever attempted. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., Christmas, and New Year's, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 22.

MIRÓ—Paintings, most of them fairly recent, by this master of innocent fantasy: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31.

MOSES—Paintings by a talented primitive from upstate New York: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays, except Thurs., Dec. 24, and Sat., Dec. 26, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: Large, highly illuminating international showing of portraiture, with works by most of the important painters and sculptors of the twentieth century. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Jan. 24.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—Paintings by American abstractionists, including Charles G. Shaw, I. Rice Pereira, and Jean Xceron. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31.

OLD MASTERS—Paintings by Memling, Tintoretto, Van Dyck, and other members of the Flemish, Dutch, and Italian schools: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 16.

POOR—Recent paintings, mostly of the California coast, in addition to ceramics and pastels: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 26.

RUBENS—Varied, very interesting loan show, stressing his versatility rather than his lushness; a United Hospital Fund benefit: Schaeffer & Brandt, 61 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., Dec. 30.

STILLMAN—Pleasantly hazy, half-Impressionist oils:

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Andre Seligmann, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—The big contemporary-American Annual, this time including water colors, drawings, sculptures, and prints as well as oils. Daily, except Sat., Sun., and Mon., Dec. 26-28, from 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 6.

HERE AND THERE—At the **460 PARK**, at 57: the gallery's annual of portraits by contemporary Americans. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57: tempera paintings by Russell C. Veit. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31. . . . **PINACOTHECA**, 20 W. 58: paintings by Max Schnitzler. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 26. . . . **MONTROSS**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: water colors and gouaches by John Shayn. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 2. . . . **NEWHOUSE**, 15 E. 57: paintings by Angna Enters. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 16. . . . **ARTISTS'**, 43 W. 55: paintings by Adolph Gottlieb. Weekdays, except Thurs., Dec. 24, and Sat., Dec. 26, from 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 11. . . . **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: wartime sketches by Olin Dows. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 2. . . . **VENDOME**, 23 W. 56: anniversary showing of oils, water colors, and sculptures by members of the gallery's group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4. . . . **NEWMAN**, 66 W. 55: water colors by Joseph Newman. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Mitropoulos conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs., Dec. 24, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Dec. 25, at 2:30 P.M.; Sun., Dec. 27, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Dec. 31, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Jan. 1, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Jan. 2, at 8:45 P.M. (Special features: Iturbi, Dec. 24, 25, and 27; a chorus of New York high-school students, Dec. 31 and Jan. 1; Arrau, Jan. 2.)

RUSSIAN PROGRAM—Glinka's "Russlan and Ludmila" presented in concert form by Russian singers and instrumentalists: Town Hall, Sat., Dec. 26, at 5 P.M.

OPERATIC CONCERT—Many leading singers, conductors, and dancers of the Metropolitan will participate in a program in honor of Marjorie Lawrence at the Metropolitan on Sun., Dec. 27, at 8:30 P.M. As a climax to the proceedings, Miss Lawrence will sing from the stage of the opera house for the first time since she was invalided over a year ago. (For tickets, call PE 6-1210.)

MUSEUM CONCERT—Opening program of the annual symphonic series, Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fri., Jan. 1, at 3 P.M.

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Buckley conducting; soloist, Castagna: Carnegie Hall, Sun., Dec. 27, at 5:45 P.M. (Admission by purchase of war stamps.)

RECITALS

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART—A League of Composers chamber-music concert introducing new works by Virgil Thomson, Douglas Moore, Roy Harris, and others, Sun., Dec. 27, at 8:30 P.M. (11 W. 53.)

INTERNATIONAL STUDY CENTER—Lotte Lehmann and George Chavchavadze, Mon., Dec. 28, at 8:30 P.M. (1010 Park Ave., at 85. For tickets, call CI 7-5534.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"La Bohème," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 24; "Aida," Fri. Eve., Dec. 25; "The Magic Flute," Sat. Aft., Dec. 26; "La Traviata," Sat. Eve., Dec. 26; "La Serva Padrona" and "Salome," Mon. Eve., Dec. 28; "Boris Godunoff" (Near East College Association benefit), Wed. Aft., Dec. 30; "Tosca," Wed. Eve., Dec. 30; "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 31; "Carmen," Fri. Eve., Jan. 1; "Lohengrin," Sat. Aft., Jan. 2; "La Fille du Régiment," Sat. Eve., Jan. 2. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

ROSALINDA—The Max Reinhardt version of the Strauss light opera, "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30. Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Fri., Dec. 25. (44th Street Theatre, 44th St. W. of B'way. LA 4-4337.)

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the **EASTERN AIRLINES BUILDING**, 40 W. 49: an exhibition of counterfeit money assembled by the United States Secret Service and the Chase National Bank, with many examples of bills made by the Japanese for use in the Philippines and Australia, and by the Nazis for use in the conquered European countries. Weekdays, except Christmas and New Year's, 11 A.M. to 9 P.M.; through Jan. 15. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., Radio City: a semi-permanent show of films and other displays touching on home defense, along with many additional aspects of warfare. Christmas and New Year's, 1 to 10 P.M.; other days, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

ANTIQUE FURNISHINGS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57: eighteenth-century English and French paintings, sculptures, tapestries, silver, china, and rugs, from the Bache, Blumenthal, Untermyer, and other collections, shown as a benefit for the American Women's Voluntary Services. Sun. and Christmas, 2 to 5:30 P.M.; Mon., Dec. 28, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other days, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., Dec. 30. . . . **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, 5 Ave. at 104: a number of Duncan Phyfe pieces that were used a century and a half ago in the home of Thomas Cornell Pearsall, at 43 Wall Street, exhibited in a setting which duplicates a drawing room of the period. Closed Mon. and Christmas; other weekdays, including New Year's, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 6.

MORGAN LIBRARY—An exhibition of written works relating to Christmas, including texts of early Nativity plays, rare illustrated editions of Dickens, and illuminated manuscripts: 29 E. 36. Weekdays, except Christmas and New Year's, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 16.

PHOTOGRAPHY—Over a hundred portraits of theatre people, taken by Carl Van Vechten during the past decade: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Weekdays, except Mon. and Christmas, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 31.

ON THE AIR—Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Dec. 26, at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Mitropoulos conducting, Sun., Dec. 27, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "The Magic Flute," with Jarmila Novotna, Ezio Pinza, and Charles Kullman, Sat., Dec. 26; "Lohengrin," with Astrid Varnay, Kerstin Thorborg, and Lauritz Melchior, Sat., Jan. 2; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . The inauguration of Governor Thomas E. Dewey, Fri., Jan. 1, at 12 noon, WJZ. . . . Football games, Fri., Jan. 1: Cotton Bowl, Georgia Tech vs. Texas, 4:45 P.M., WOR; Orange Bowl, Boston vs. Alabama, 1:45 P.M., WABC; Rose Bowl, U.C.L.A. vs. Georgia, 4:45 P.M., WEAF; Sugar Bowl, Tulsa vs. Tennessee, 3:15 P.M., WJZ.

CHRISTMAS BROADCASTS—On **THURS., DEC. 24:** Lionel Barrymore as Scrooge in Dickens' "A Christmas Carol," at 10 P.M., WEAF; "Command Performance," the all-star shortwave program for soldiers, broadcast for the first time on all local stations, at 11 P.M.; carol program, with Lotte Lehmann and the Columbia Concert Orchestra conducted by Howard Barlow, at 12 midnight, WABC; mass from St. Patrick's Cathedral, at 12 midnight, WOR. . . . **FRI., DEC. 25:** "Christmas Greetings from the Armed Forces," picked up from Algiers, Cairo, Gibraltar, Northern Ireland, Australia, Chungking, and Puerto Rico, at 9:30 A.M., WEAF; Berlioz's "Infancy of Christ," with Jennie Tourel, at 3:15 P.M., WABC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; John Gunther, Fri. (except Dec. 25) and Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WJZ; Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WJZ; Wythe Williams, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8:45 P.M., WHN. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 and 6 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

ACROSS THE PACIFIC—John Huston directed this one with the same fast pace that he put into "The Maltese Falcon." It's about (and against) Japanese spies, and features Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., Dec. 24.)

BAMBI—Walt Disney has put even finer scenery and colors into this biography of a deer than into his other full-length animations, although somewhat less thoughtful characterizations. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Sat., Dec. 30-Jan. 2.)

THE BLACK SWAN—Blood and thunder in Technicolor. Tyrone Power, George Sanders, and Laird Cregar are pirates, and Maureen O'Hara is unburied treasure. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

CASABLANCA—Intrigue in the North African metropolis when the Germans were still running loose there. Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE—Jack Benny in Bucks County facing the hazards of a country estate. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Tues., Dec. 25-29. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Sun. through Wed., Dec. 27-30. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., Dec. 30-Jan. 2.)

IN WHICH WE SERVE—Noel Coward has done well as the biographer of a destroyer. He is in the cast too. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

MRS. MINIVER—Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon, with Dame May Whitty, in a story of the war and how the English are enduring it in their country houses and once quiet villages. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sun. through Tues., Dec. 27-29.)

MY SISTER EILEEN—The movie from the play from the stories about the hazards of Greenwich Village life. Rosalind Russell, Janet Blair, and Brian Aherne. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Dec. 28. . . . State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Dec. 30.)

THE PIED PIPER—Monty Woolley and some children not his own travel across invaded France. Mr. Woolley is especially winning. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Tues., Dec. 25-29.)

WE ARE THE MARINES—The March of Time's almost full-length film about what a Marine is made of. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Fri., Dec. 25.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—The story of George M. Cohan and a great display of stage life, reviving the tunes and memories of his famous shows. With James Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston. (Strand, B'way at 47; starting Fri., Dec. 25.)

REVIVALS

BALLERINA (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. French, with Mia Slavenska. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., Dec. 24.)

CHAPLIN COMEDIES (1917)—"The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," "The Cure," and "Easy Street," all two-reel shorts. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. and Sat., Dec. 25-26.)

DUMBO (1941)—Disney animals, mostly elephants. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Tues., Dec. 25-29.)

FANTASIA (1940)—That Disney film with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Thurs., Dec. 31.)

THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN (1936)—Madeleine Carroll and Gary Cooper in the Odets story of intrigue and war in China. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 25-28.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. through Sat., Dec. 30-Jan. 2.)

KINGS ROW (1942)—Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains in a small town in the nineties. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., Dec. 25.)

SECRET AGENT (1936)—Hitchcock spy film. Madeleine Carroll, John Gielgud, Robert Young, and Peter Lorre. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs., Dec. 24.)

A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER (1938)—Edward G. Robinson burlesquing the underworld. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Tues., Dec. 26-29.)

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS (1942)—Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake in a Preston Sturges comedy. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Dec. 24.)

THEY WERE FIVE (1938)—About a lottery and a country inn. French. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 25-28.)

TOPPER TAKES A TRIP (1939)—The second "Topper." Constance Bennett, Roland Young, and Billie Burke. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 29-30.)

THE WIZARD OF OZ (1939)—Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, and the Singer Midgets in Technicolor. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 29-30.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures on this schedule—**THURS. AND SAT., DEC. 24 AND 26**, at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: "The Dream of a Rarebit Fiend" (1906); "High and Dizzy" (1920), Harold Lloyd; "The Navigator" (1924), Buster Keaton. **SUN. AND MON., DEC.**

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With Flying Colors

We're always taken aback a little when someone says: "I didn't know Sloane was handling Army and Navy contracts!" Glider wings and troop berths may seem a little off our track...until you remember that in any job where good stuff, good craftsmanship and good headwork mean everything, Sloane's the choice!

W&J SLOANE

FIFTH AVE. AT 47TH ST. • NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

27-28, at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: "The Last Laugh" (1924), Emil Jannings; and "Hamlet" (1920); both German. TUES. AND WED., DEC. 29-30, at 4 P.M.: "The Big Parade" (1925), directed by King Vidor. THURS. AND FRI., DEC. 31-JAN. 1, at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: "Grass" (1925), documentary film. SAT., JAN. 2, at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: "The Doctor's Secret" (1908); "Gertie the Dinosaur" (1909); "His Bitter Pill" (1916); "The Freshman" (1925), Harold Lloyd.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—The war has created many hundreds of part- and full-time jobs for people in this community who want to help out. In Manhattan, the agency best prepared to assign workers to such tasks is the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 93 Park Ave., at 40th (LE 2-2870), which is in direct charge of much of the work here and also helps line up civilians who want to serve with the Red Cross and American Women's Voluntary Services. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. telephone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

Among the most pressing current needs of the C.D.V.O., all of them of about equal importance, are for (1) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (2) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (3) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then put in at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (4) men and women to serve a four-hour shift at police stations once every ten or twelve days, receiving telephoned reports from air-raid wardens, and also to be on call for one eight-hour period each week; (5) men and women to put in whatever daytime or evening hours they can spare—but on a regular schedule—doing clerical work in draft-board and similar offices.

The C.D.V.O. wants to register as many people as possible who can't volunteer on a set schedule but can be called upon from time to time for all sorts of short-notice temporary jobs. Right now, for example, there is a demand for men and women to do clerical work in connection with fuel rationing and tire registration.

SALVAGE—There is no letup in the need for rubber, kitchen fat, rags, and tin cans and other scrap metal. Salvage is useless if mixed; rubber must be kept separate from rags, tin cans from other scrap metal, and so on.... The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 East 42nd (MU 3-9669), will tell you where to take small quantities of scrap metal, rubber, or rags, and will send around for amounts of fifty pounds or more.... All butcher shops have been asked to accept (and pay for) kitchen fat, which can be converted into glycerine, an essential ingredient of explosives. Both deep-frying fat and pan or broiler drippings are wanted; they should be strained into a clean, wide-mouthed can and kept in a cool place until you have at least a pound, the smallest amount acceptable.... Tin cans should be washed and flattened, after their ends have been cut out and their paper labels removed. Your building superintendent will see that those you save are turned over to the proper authorities; it's best to have them ready for him to pick up a day or so before the weekly Wednesday collection.

Women have been asked to save old silk and nylon stockings, which are needed by the Navy for the manufacture of gunpowder bags, among other things. Most department stores have collection depots in their hosiery departments.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—Outside the city, arrangements for volunteering and salvage are not as uniform as they might be; some communities are well organized along these lines and others aren't. The local police should be able to direct you to the proper agency, but if they are no help, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS AND LOANS—The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), wants portable phonographs, records, bridge tables and chairs, games, and up-to-date books for Army and Navy recreation centres. It will send for such gifts, but asks you, if possible, to bring them to its headquarters.... The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss, Bausch & Lomb, and Naval Gun Factory binoculars, sizes 6 x 30 and 7 x 50. If you have any to lend, turn them in at the U.S.O. booth at Penn Station or at 90 Church St., Room 909.... The government wants to borrow, for military purposes, snapshots and movies taken in what is now enemy-occupied territory. If you have some, no matter how long ago they were taken, write for details of what's wanted to the Office of Strategic Services (Strategic Photos), Box 46, Station G, New York City. ... The Army is looking for 300,000 dogs without previous field training, each weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old, to train for sentry, pack, and messenger duty. Owners willing to part with one or more should register them with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6471).

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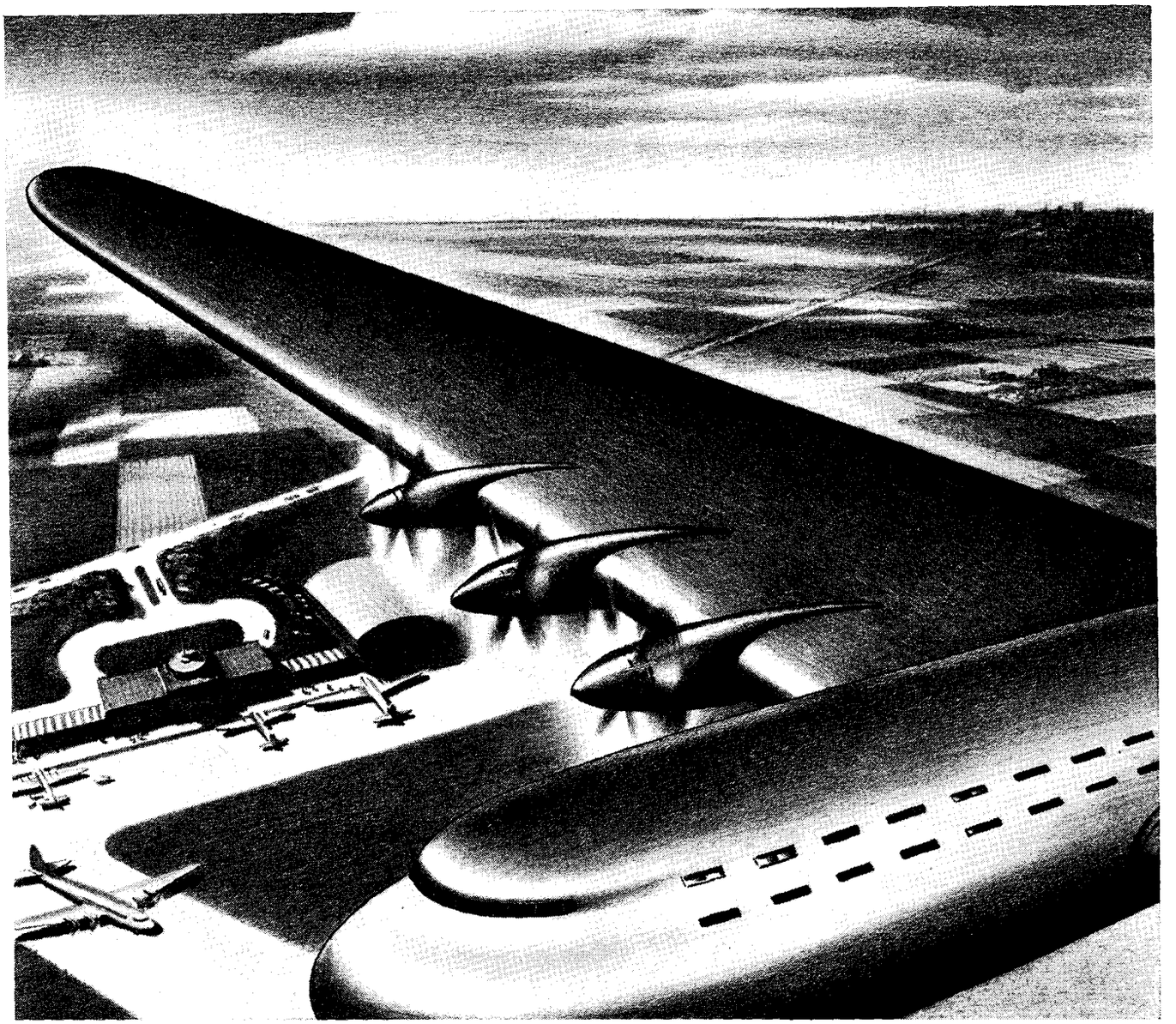

Prairie Port in the *Age of Flight*

This is no time for dreaming. But those who work and fight must see a world worth fighting for. Out of war sacrifices will come a new era of opportunity. Some of this important future lies in the air above . . . in the coming Age of Flight.

Already the airplane is weaving a new pattern of transportation, which is completely changing former ideas of time and space and distance.

United Air Lines, for example, now flies farther on special war missions alone — many of them to distant parts of the world — than ever before on peacetime flights.

Yet at the same time it maintains regularly scheduled service along the strategic Main Line Airway, saving precious hours for men in uniform, for civilians with vital production problems, and for the air mail and air express that are playing so important a role in the conduct of the war.

With the coming of peace, you will see still further changes in the whole conception of travel and transportation. Roads and rivers that follow the natural paths of the earth will yield to airways, unhindered by geography. New lanes will link important areas — world ports will flourish the length and breadth of the land.

Broad prairies and seashores alike will be "ports of the air" — practical taking-off places for world markets.

Right now, United's unrivaled flying experience of 250,000,000 miles is helping to speed the winning of the war. When the day of victory arrives, that same experience will help fulfil the promise of the Age of Flight.

★ BUY WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY ★

UNITED AIR LINES

THE MAIN LINE AIRWAY

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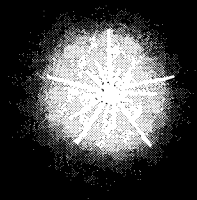

A PLAN

FOR A POST-WAR WORLD

"PEACE ON EARTH GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN"

Germaine Monteil

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THIS will be a gloomy Christmas for the captains of waiters at Copacabana, who, we understand, are being made to give up their gold stripes. Complaints have been received from naval officers. This seems to us unfair. A waiter has little enough to cheer his life, which is a cramped, mean thing, but a Navy man has the great, wide sea to roam and a night club to come ashore to when he is weary of travel. And what is gold braid, anyway? Does it belong to any special order exclusively? The new century of the common man may well see a delegation of night-club employees storming the bridge of a battleship in high dudgeon, demanding that the captain be arrested for impersonating a waiter.

THE press agent for Bill Bertolotti's night club in the Village informs us that the club will not open on New Year's Eve, Mr. Bertolotti having decided the hell with it. We take it this is not typical of city conditions but simply one of those isolated cases of a man giving way to a quirk of nature. We want to warn Mr. Bertolotti, though, that his seemingly innocent night off may unfit him, forever, for further service in his chosen calling. The door once shuttered becomes the gateway to oblivion. Once you slip, once you avert the mind, you may be lost. The press agent didn't say how Mr. B. intended to spend his New Year's Eve, whether wandering in disguise through the uproarious city or meditating at home with a glass of sherry. It doesn't matter. For this night he is a doomed man: he is the cowboy who avoids the bronc, the flier who shuns the controls, the reporter who ignores the deadline. Mr. Bertolotti's dreams will be troubled with horrid shapes as the hour strikes and ghosts of drunken men file past him from the crowded *lavabos* of memory.

DURING a big war the small event can be the most unsettling. We're thinking at the moment of the men on a British destroyer which recently slipped into an Allied port and anchored there. The crew went to bed, and when they walked out on deck next morning they found the ship was pink. Pink hull, pink bridge, pink binnacle, pink guns—everything pink as a pink hair ribbon. They later discovered that the craft had been lying all night exposed to fumes from a refinery, but this simple explanation probably came too late to do them any good. It is one thing to face shellfire and another thing to find yourself on the first warship in history to turn pink. Would take the starch out of the stiffest upper lip.

MR. ICKES does his fretting and fuming in a room temperature of seventy-seven degrees, according to an exposé in the Baltimore *Sun*. The *Sun* points out that this is a good deal higher than the basic temperature of sixty-eight degrees recommended to the American people and intimates that the situation is bad. What alarms us, however, is the

alibi submitted in defense of hot government by Baird Snyder III, Assistant Federal Works Administrator, who said the trouble is that "the employees need education in turning radiators off." We fear that this is a typical government overcomplication of a simple problem and that what Mr. Snyder means is that some agency should get up a brochure explaining to employees how to turn off a radiator and follow this with posters, radio programs, and a campaign urging parents and teachers to instruct children in how to turn off a radiator so that government clerks of the future will need no education on this point. Our own feeling is that everybody, including government clerks, has been educated up to, and far above, his ears, and that the time has come to tell people instead of educate them. Example, in the specific matter of turning off a radiator: "Look, when this room gets hotter than sixty-eight degrees, turn off the radiator, see?"

WE had an unearthly sensation in reading *PM* last week during the three days that our customary papers were unavailable. As we scanned the pages of the tiny sheet, we missed a lot of familiar landmarks, most poignantly, perhaps, the society pages. We can only guess, therefore, what went on at the altars of the New York area during that bleak period. We hope the girls from East Orange wore white. We hope Vassar made out as well as usual in the age-old sweepstake. We hope all receptions were small but gay. Reeling a bit under the impact of civilization as *PM* presents it, we don't overlook the possibility, either, that sacred love actually took a 72-hour holiday.

THE tribulation of the ordinary citizen who endures coffee rationing seems negligible compared to that of one resident of this state who owns a coffee-

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drinking dog. For years the animal has been in the habit of taking his morning cup at breakfast with the family. Breakfasts in this household continue with the usual orange juice, eggs, and coffee for the bipeds, but no cup is set down on the floor for the party without the card. This makes for an almost intolerable situation. The master of the establishment may feign detachment while scooping up his eggs, or he may talk briskly about the improved situation in New Guinea, but always a pair of accusing eyes is directed upward at him until he slinks out of the room. Expert as we are in handling dogs, we can think of no dignified way out of this predicament.

Drunks in the Dark

WE figured out that the warden in charge of the night-club district could a tale unfold; and so it proved. George de Mare is the name. He's sector commander for the area bounded by Fiftieth and Fifty-fourth Streets and Fifth and Seventh Avenues, excluding Rockefeller Center, which has its own organization. De Mare is a quiet, dark-haired fellow. He is an associate editor of *Think*, a house organ published for International Business Machine employees, and has been a warden since Pearl Harbor. He begged us not to call him a Pearl Harbor warden, however. " 'Pearl Harbor warden,' in our civilian-defense language, is strictly reserved for the fifty thousand people who volunteered on December 8, 1941, for air-warden duty and were never heard from again," he told us. His sector headquarters is in a ground-floor room donated by the Dorset Hotel on Fifty-fourth Street, and, like all other sector headquarters in the city, is kept open twenty-four hours a day. Acting on an inside tip, known only to a select handful of journalists, elevator operators, bellhops, taxi-drivers, and school children, that the blackout was coming on Thursday night, we went around to see how Sector Commander de Mare and his subordinates handled the special problems of the gin-and-jazz belt. He lent us a helmet and said we could come along if the siren really did sound.

While we sat around waiting for things to begin to happen, de Mare told us that the basic resident population of his sector is about four thousand but is increased three or four times by the night-club patrons. "I suppose the main thing that's special about our beat is that a good half the people we have to deal with during an alert are from out of town and don't think a New York siren should mean anything in their lives," he said. Just before nine o'clock the telephone interrupted our chat; it was the yellow signal, the confidential tip given to sector headquarters and to hospitals and other large institutions. All the wardens seized their equipment and made for the street. De Mare put on his helmet and led us in the direction of Sixth Avenue and Fifty-second Street, the post he has chosen for himself as being near the scene of possible trouble. As we pelted down Sixth Avenue, he remarked that the helmets were by no means superfluous. "Last blackout a flowerpot jumped or fell, I guess you'd say, on a warden on Fifty-third Street. Fortunately he had his helmet on, and, besides, it just missed him," he told us. "It was a geranium," he added.

The first siren sounded as we reached de Mare's post of duty. This was the blue signal, intended only as a preliminary warning to the public, but lights began going out all along Fifty-second Street and cabs pulled in to the curb. "I suppose when the real red signal comes, they'll think it's the all-clear," one of de Mare's colleagues muttered. He was right. However, a few authoritative whistles and shouts straightened out the confusion, and darkness reigned. We strolled down Fifty-second toward Fifth Avenue, de Mare reminiscing about the difficulties caused by showgirls running out to see the blackout in their little costumes. "Don't think that doesn't create a problem," he said, rather vaguely. During one blackout several gilded youths, exhilarated by the absence of motor traffic, started shooting craps in the middle of Fifty-second Street. This night, however, no such antics were visible, possibly because the air was cold, with snow flurries. The picket in front of Leon & Eddie's was huddled inside his sign, complaining. "Hell of a thing," he said as we went by. "I was just getting going good." A man popped out of Reilly's bar and said, "Say, I'm a warden back in Los Angeles, and I think you boys are doing a swell job." "Thanks," said de Mare, hurrying us along. "That's our worst trouble, really," he added. "Out-of-towners wanting to bend the wardens' ears about how they do things back home." When the all-clear sounded, we went away convinced that Fifty-second was in good hands and would be safe during a raid. If that's any comfort to you.

Inner Sanctum

DOWN in Washington a Navy officer, grimly pursuing a task involving contact with the Army, called one of the government buildings and asked for a certain extension number, which, as he remembered it, belonged to an Army man he had business with. He must have got the extension number wrong, or else there'd been a change, for the voice that answered said, in a tired but polite manner, "War Department, Military Secrets."

The Bingo Crisis

JUST to get the other side of the controversy, we hunted up the nation's leading manufacturer of Bingo equipment, whose offices are down on West Twenty-fifth Street. He is Sidney Finkelstein, a young fellow who would be very handsome but for the marks of sorrow left by Mayor LaGuardia. "I believed in him, I voted for him," Finkelstein told us. "You know, it almost makes a fellow begin to lose his faith in the democratic way." Finkelstein doesn't deny that Bingo is gambling; his point is that, as operated by the clergy, it is obviously honest, particularly so when use is made of such devices as his Electric Flash Board and View-O-Scope. It's Finkelstein's guess that ninety-five per cent of all Bingo addicts are women, and he would like to ask the Mayor what they're going to do with themselves now. "Why, I know some women who feel so bad about missing their Bingo game that they're taking a train to Jersey every evening, just to play Bingo," he said. "Think of it—there may be a crisis in the transportation system."

Finkelstein, who does business as the Metro Manufacturing Company, said that it is impossible for him to tell anything much now about the falling off in sales, because of the usual pre-Christmas slump among wholesalers. Eventually, he figures, LaGuardia may account for a ten-per-cent falling off, and let us assure you that ten per cent of Metro's Bingo business ain't hay. This nation has been purchasing a million dollars' worth of Bingo equipment every year, a good two-thirds of it from Metro. The staple article of the industry is the card on which the player checks off the numbers as they come up. Metro sells a cool three billion of

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"Grandpa!"

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these annually, and lesser manufacturers sell that many again. In an average evening of Bingo, a player uses up ten cards, Finkelstein informed us. In the field of heavy Bingo equipment, Finkelstein stands supreme, or so he told us. "I guess you would be safe to call me the Henry Ford of Bingo," he said. Much of the equipment he sells is his own invention—the plastic ball, for example, and the Throw-Ball Cage. You can sink a good piece of change into a Bingo setup. It would cost you $375 for a Yankee Bingo Blower, described by Metro's catalogue as possessing a Swivel-Type Ball Catcher, Air-Cooled, Self-Lubricating Motor, and an Electric Recirculating Device. You could spend another $200 on an Electric Flash Board, exclusive with Metro.

Finkelstein modestly told us that all the best ideas for improving his product came from the clergy. "They say, 'Give us something big and impressive and flashy for mixing the balls,' so I design the Yankee Blower, with plenty of chromium. Or they say, 'We're having trouble, we've got to prove all this is straight,' so I give them the View-O-Scope." The View-O-Scope, we will explain, is a magic-lantern device which throws on a screen an enlarged image of each ball drawn, so that the customers don't have to take anybody's word for what number is on it. We're not going to tell you how to play Bingo, because you probably know, and in any case it's too late, but it's of some interest to mention the fact that Bingo cards, as ordinarily made, have a range of three thousand possible combinations of numbers. Finkelstein found out about the mathematics of this the hard way. Six years ago he was the proprietor of a small printing house. One day a customer offered him a three-thousand-dollar order if he could dope out the proper combinations. He made a foolhardy attempt to work these out by himself, and came to grief. When the players used his cards, sometimes everybody won and sometimes nobody won. Finkelstein then went up to Columbia, where he found a mathematician willing to give him all the combinations he wanted for nothing. For proving that the combinations were all different, however, the mathematician charged a hundred and fifty dollars. "A better hundred and fifty dollars was never contributed to the cause of higher education," Finkelstein remarked. Turning from the past to the future, we asked if he thought the anti-Bingo thing would ever spread to other cities. "If you don't mind, I'm just not going to think about that," he said.

Sabotage

Norman Bel Geddes has been doing, for *Life*, a series of realistic models of land and sea battles. He builds them in his studio, and they are then photographed. Unfortunately, Mr. Geddes has found that nothing works so well as Post Toasties when you want scrub undergrowth in a miniature scene and that nothing quite takes the place of sugar for a facsimile of a ship's wake. Just recently a job that had taken three days was destroyed overnight, you've probably guessed how. Mice.

Busy

Biacouren Yoshiwara is one local Japanese, possibly the only one, to whom our entry into the war has meant the difference between just getting along and being definitely prosperous. Not to keep you or the F.B.I. in the dark any longer, he's a photogra-

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pher's model who, for the past year, has had what amounts to a monopoly on posing as the Japanese villain in photographic illustrations for magazine stories. Yoshiwara, a slight, gentle-mannered fellow with the inevitable spectacles, told us, "I am twofold most happy. In the once place, I can do my bits for this country for whom I love, and in the tooth place, I get the chance to act with most dramatic violence, and this is the logical consequence of my life wishes." Yoshiwara obviously thinks of himself as an actor rather than a model, and has had some twenty years' experience on the American stage and screen, one way or another. He used to appear in Astoria-made films, and has also played parts for the Theatre Guild in "If This Be Treason," "Wine of Choice," and "Miracle at Verdun." He expressed himself as never having been happy about the way he was cast, though: "Always the pleasant, smily butler, or some meek part, like a placid statesman. I wanted to play a deaf-mute, a hunchback, or a very cruel person who is a little crazy. In my heart I am a masculine Bette Davis." Since Pearl Harbor Yoshiwara has been Bette Davising all over the place. He informed us happily, "This morning I am the keeper of a prostitution home in San Francisco and, for another photographer, a Japanese blueprint stealer. Then for this afternoon I stab a young girl in the heart, and later on I have myself killed by an American soldier with a bayonet. Tomorrow, first thing in the morning, I am stealing blueprints again."

We would judge Yoshiwara to be somewhere near forty years of age, but we could get no definite statement from him on this point. "An actor must be ageless, or they will type him the character actor or the juvenile leader," he explained. He was brought up in a conservative Tokio family, the son of a member of the Daigishi, or Japanese House of Representatives. "I grew untouched by any idea," he told us candidly. "Each footprint of my father fits *my* foot. They polish me for the part of statesman. Then one day I come to a movie in Tokio and there is Lillian Gish in 'Broken Blossoms.' The next day I kiss everybody and say goodbye to one and all and come here with stubborn reasons. And now I have spent twenty-two years pushing myself up." Yoshiwara's first step up was to enroll at the John Murray Anderson Dramatic School. "I threw myself into my vigor. I danced, I singed, I acted," he told us. "I am the prize actor in the school, says everybody."

Even in posing for still photographs, Yoshiwara insists on giving it everything. "No matter if you have to be killed two million times, you can always do it different," he says. Sometimes he alarms his fellow-models. Recently he and an American model posed for a picture of a Japanese soldier being choked by one of our boys. "I asked this model to choke me real, I demanded it realistic," Yoshiwara said indignantly, "but he was foolish, he said he was afraid he would hurt me. Is this art?" We had to admit it wasn't. Encouraged by our interest, Yoshiwara showed us how he set about a photographic stabbing. He came at us with a ruler in his hand, his head slumped on his breast, and his eyes definitely alarming. He gave us a token poke and remarked, "Note the impassive expression of the face until I make the stab. Then just the slight look of killing. When you stab, you do not have an expression till the last moment, and then you can't help it, it just climbs up on your face." Hollywood has displayed some interest in his useful talents, he told us, and if it can be straightened out with the authorities, he may go there. "Oh, let them give me a dirty propaganda character," he said, fervently. "I'll do more than they expect." Yoshiwara would seem to be an actor first and a Japanese second, if at all. Or maybe it's as one of our sharp-spoken contemporaries once said, "Scratch an actor and you find an actor."

Suspicious

AN eager lady now living in New York who once, in the peaceful past, had been psychoanalyzed by a London doctor dreamed, some weeks ago, what seemed to her a remarkable and significant dream, all about swimming in the south of France, only it really *wasn't* the south of France but more like Coney Island, and then this man with a beard was chasing her, etc. She sat down the next morning, dashed off a full and accurate account of this fascinating dream, and mailed it to the London psychiatrist. After a reasonable period of tense expectancy she got a reply from London. The doctor thought it might be best not to attempt transatlantic dream interpretations for the duration; her entire recital had been inked out by the censor, who, the doctor surmised, suspected a new enemy code device.

Willkiana

LAST week we had an opportunity to check up with Wendell Willkie on certain details of his blitzkrieg good-will tour and make sure that journalism doesn't miss anything. We found him still puzzled over the liquor question in Iraq, which had precipitated an awkward situation between Willkie and his hosts there. The Americans arrived during a thirty-day religious fast, and it was explained to them by the Prime Minister that food could be taken only after sundown and that liquor was taboo at any time. Willkie sternly instructed his party to observe these rules, and of course had every intention of obeying them himself. That evening, however, at an after-dark banquet given for him on the lawn of a country house, he was approached by the Mayor of Baghdad, a man who, according to Willkie, bore a surprising resemblance to Jimmy Walker. "Come and have a drink with me," the Mayor said. "Can't," Willkie said, virtuously. "Prohibition, you know." The Mayor drifted off, looking grieved, and Willkie was told by one of his party that he had seriously offended him. Searching for the Mayor, to make his apologies, Willkie found him standing behind a big screen with most of the other Iraqis, tossing

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off nips of American rye. Willkie took a drink or so in the interests of international amity, but he's still bewildered.

In the neighboring kingdom of Iran, he gave the Shah his first ride in an airplane. They took off late in the afternoon and flew over all the Shah's palaces. "He had quite a few of them," Willkie told us. The Shah was delighted, so much so that he wanted to stay up indefinitely. Willkie managed this situation, with what seems to us considerable tact, by enlarging on the dangers of making a landing in the dark. "I must insist that Your Highness do nothing to hazard your person," he said firmly. The Shah saw the point of this, and they got back in time for dinner.

During the fighting at El Alamein, Willkie dined with General Montgomery in his mess tent, which was so near the front lines that he could hear the machine-gun fire. Several American and British commanding officers were present, and the talk turned to Clare Boothe Luce, who had been in Egypt some months before. Everybody expressed amazement at her energy and many talents, and anecdotes were told of how she had persuaded this general to take her about in his staff car, surprised that one by her knowledge of strategy, and exhausted the other by the thoroughness of her tours of inspection. This discussion concluded with a question from General Montgomery: "I say, Willkie, is there a *Mr.* Luce?"

Willkie told us that the state banquet given for him in the Kremlin was the most elaborate one of his trip. Then, after a little thought, he added, "The most elaborate I've ever had, I guess." You probably remember that Willkie told the newspapers that Stalin had a good sense of humor. We gathered that Willkie's admiration was aroused by Stalin's readiness to laugh at a joke even after it had filtered through an interpreter. En route from Russia to China, Willkie landed at a little Siberian town and was welcomed by the Mayor, who said, through his interpreter, "Stalin has told me to answer any question, show you anything you want to see, and get you safely to the next airport." Since the next hop was only a thousand miles and there were still a few hours of daylight left, Willkie said he thought they'd better be getting along. "That I cannot allow," the Mayor said. "The weather reports are bad, and if anything happened to you, I'd be liquidated tomorrow. You stay here." "Those Russians don't waste words," Willkie exclaimed with respect.

Mme. Chiang Kai-shek impressed Willkie tremendously. On the strength of his reception at her house, he says that the Chinese, though they live simply, have the best taste of any people in the world. Among her other accomplishments, Mme. Chiang is a superb extemporaneous speaker and has a perfect command of English. "She speaks better than I do," Willkie told us. "She speaks exactly." The press accounts of the speech of welcome she made to Willkie got censored or rewritten somewhere along the line, so that she was quoted over here as having called Willkie "an exciting personality." What she actually said—and Willkie is convinced she chose the exact word she wanted to use—was "a disturbing personality." He's still thinking that over.

Meeting

HAVING read in this department last week that Monty Woolley, while acting as guest Santa Claus at Macy's, listened to the requests of his young visitors and then invariably remarked to them, "Well, that's hard to get," the aunt of a lad who this year had the first contact of his life with Santa informs us that she questioned him afterward as to what the old gentleman had said to him. "He said, 'Move along, please,' " reported the little fellow.

"Now then, I want you to come out fighting, use your knees in the clinches, never break clean, and no hitting above the belt."

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"Be careful. The place is simply lousy with mistletoe!"

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HOLY NIGHT

THE minister's house stood next to the church and about fifty yards back from the street. It looked larger than it was because of the heavy and elaborate porch which ran across the front and along one side of it. Two tall pine trees grew near the house on either side of the walk that led to the porch steps, and on the lawn there were other trees—elm, yellow oak, and white birch. In the summer, when they were in full leaf, they were overpowering and made the house too dark. The people in the town of Monroe, Connecticut, said they were magnificent specimens, and it never occurred to anyone to thin them out.

The new minister, Horace Griswold, and his wife, Edith, had been a little disappointed with the house when they moved to Monroe in June. They were fairly young, in their late thirties, and Mrs. Griswold prided herself on being modern. "Of course, I'm proud of being a minister's wife," she would say to the less conservative members of the congregation. "But, after all, I'm a *person*, too." She would laugh a little. "I tell Horace he can be the *parson* and I'll just be a *person*."

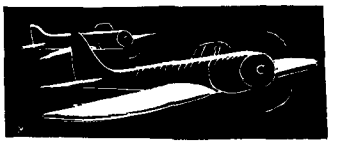
Everyone in Monroe had liked the Griswolds instantly. For one thing, they didn't seem too poor, and it was rumored that Mrs. Griswold had money of her own. Certainly, the house began to look as though it had had a little money spent on it. The old chandeliers had been removed from the living room and the dining room, and the living room was lighted softly by two lamps with apothecary jars for bases and one standing lamp; in the dining room there were wall brackets with parchment shades, although the Griswolds dined by candlelight.

Horace Griswold was a handsome man with a good baritone voice. His sermons were mildly fervent but never embarrassing. And on Labor Day, when "The Importance of Being Earnest" was given in the school auditorium and he was cast as Algernon Moncrieff, everyone thought he was marvellous and not at all like a minister. He had even taken two Scotch-and-sodas after the performance at the party at Mrs. Wylie's, and after the second one he had sung "D'Ye Ken John Peel."

He was fine about the war, too. He signed up as an airplane-spotter and took the 2-to-4-A.M. watch whenever he was asked. Of course, now that the spotters could sit in the glassed-in enclosure on the school roof, the watches weren't so bad, but until December 1st there had only been a little shack on Janner's Hill, which was cold and lonely. Not that anyone had really complained, but all the spotters were glad when the Hartford people grumbled about the Monroe people being able to spot planes before they did. The school roof wasn't as high as Janner's Hill.

AS Christmas came near, there was as much activity around the church as seemed decently possible in war times. Horace Griswold organized a group of carol singers and had his eye on a fine, straight spruce tree for the basement of the church, where the Sunday-school classes were held. And, although the children had decorated the basement two weeks before Christmas with wreaths of ground pine and bells cut out of red paper and mounted on cardboard, the tree was not to be set up until Christmas Eve because of the Victory Bridge Game that afternoon. There were twenty tables for bridge, a buffet with sandwiches, cake, and tea, and, as the basement room was not very large, there was no place for the tree until the committee removed the tables.

Mrs. Griswold was in charge of the Victory Bridge Game, the proceeds of which were to go to the American Red Cross, and it was almost six when the last of the tables had been put away and she locked the door of the basement room. She carried a basket filled with a dozen used teacups and part of a cake that had been left over. She was excited and a little tired as she stood talking to Mrs. Wylie and Miss Champlin, who had stayed to help clean up. "I really should rush," she said. "Of course, I couldn't eat a bite, but Horace has to be fed, poor dear. He walked goodness knows where to get the tree and he's probably ravenous."



The three women walked out across the hard, frozen lawn to Mrs. Wylie's car. "I'm just going to have a little soup," Mrs. Wylie said. "And I want to have a few minutes to change my things. I'll *try* to be back at eight to help with the tree, but I'm really looking forward to the carols."

"Yes," Miss Champlin said. "I think we should sing in front of every house on the green by all means, and we *must* be at Mrs. Fisher's before it gets too late. She will love the singing so."

Mrs. Griswold sighed. "The children won't take long," she said. "Not more than an hour. They have to be in bed, anyway. They can help with the tree and enjoy it a few minutes and then we can get started."

Mrs. Wylie climbed into the car. "Well, as long as we make Mrs. Fisher's by eleven," she said. "She's going to have mulled wine and I know she was planning for eleven."

"Oh, we'll make it easy by eleven," Mrs. Griswold said. "Horace and I will just snatch a bite, and he was doing his sermon when I left, so he won't have that on his mind. We'll have the tree all set up by the time you get there."

Mrs. Wylie switched on the ignition of her car and stepped on the starter. "Hurry up!" she called to Miss Champlin. "Get in! Can't waste gas, you know."

MRS. GRISWOLD waved to them and then turned and started toward her house. As she walked up the path under the trees she thought at first there was no light in the house, but as she reached the porch she saw a faint light from the open fire shining through the living-room windows. She opened the door and went in.

The hall was cold and she set her basket down and walked into the living room. The lamps were not lit and she switched the tall bridge light on. Horace was sitting in front of the fire, and for a moment she thought he was asleep. Then he got up and stood facing her.

"Goodness," she said. "What are you doing sitting here in the dark?" She turned on the lights at either end of the couch and sat down, closing her eyes and loosening the wool scarf which she wore around her neck. "We made forty dollars," she said.

"That's great," he said.

"Well, it's not much when you consider all the money there is in this town," she said. "I think we could have charged a dollar and got away with it. And the food didn't cost a cent. I brought some cake home. Mrs. Wylie took what was left of the sandwiches. Everyone brought her own sugar, too. They sell little red-white-and-blue envelopes now to carry it in. They're quite cute."

Horace didn't answer, and she opened her eyes and looked at him sharply. "What's the matter with you?" she asked.

He coughed and, picking up the

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poker, began to push at the logs gently with it. "Nothing," he said.

Mrs. Griswold got up suddenly and briskly. "Well," she said, "we've got to rush. Is your sermon all right?"

"I didn't do it," he said.

Her eyes opened wide and she stared at him. "Didn't do it?" she repeated. "Why not, I'd like to know?"

"I couldn't think of anything to say," he said.

Her laugh was scornful. "Couldn't think of anything to say *this* Christmas of all Christmases!" she said. "Why, you could say a few words and ask people to pray!"

"Who are they going to pray for?" he asked.

"I wish you'd stop fooling with that poker," she said. "They can pray for everybody. For the armed forces and everybody. That's simple enough."

He put the poker back in the stand and his face was puzzled and his eyes bewildered. "I thought of praying for everybody," he said, "but I'm afraid it won't do."

For a moment his wife seemed embarrassed. "Well, *everybody*," she said. "Naturally, I didn't mean *everybody*. There are some people not worth praying *for*."

"I don't know," he said.

"Well, I do," she said. "You can't pray for everybody and not offend a lot of people right here in town."

He walked over to the window and stood looking out across the porch. A branch from the pine tree moved in the wind and scraped against the house.

"How can you pray for everybody when Mrs. Wylie's two nephews are heaven knows where this very minute?" Mrs. Griswold asked. "How do you think she'd feel? How about Mrs. Fisher and her grandson in the Navy? They'd think it was—well, odd, to say the least."

He watched the pine tree, which looked black against the dim lights of the street. "I've been thinking all afternoon," he said, "and I don't know what to do."

"What did you do last year?" Mrs. Griswold asked. "I don't know what's the matter with you. You wrote your sermon last year like a breeze."

"I don't feel the way I did last year," he said.

His wife got up and walked over to him, laying her hand firmly on his arm. "Well, stop thinking," she said. "It doesn't really matter. Just say some prayers for the armed forces and ask forgiveness if you have to."

"Forgiveness for whom?" he asked.

"Forgiveness for all the other people, naturally," she said.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "I don't know as I want to forgive."

She took her hand from his arm. "I only suggested it because you seem to want to," she said. "Or something. I'm sure I don't know."

The tears came to her eyes and her cheeks flushed. "I know one thing," she went on. "You seem to be trying to spoil everything. We've got to eat and drag that tree over there by eight o'clock. I *suppose* you got the tree!"

"No," he said. "I haven't even got the tree."

She turned toward him angrily, but her voice was quiet when she spoke. "You can just get the tree," she said. "You can just get it. I've been working like a dog over that bridge party all afternoon and you've been sitting here like a fool. You can just get it. Now!"

"What about the children?" he asked.

"What children?"

"The children all over the world," he said.

"There are children right here in town, in case you've forgotten," she said. She turned and started toward the door. "And if you ask me, I think you'd better snap out of it."

At the doorway she stopped. "Horace," she said. "Really! You act as though you'd been *called* or something." Her voice grew sharp with amusement. "I hope you suddenly don't think you've been *called*, because if I ever thought you'd pull that on me, I certainly never would have married you!"

She ran out the door and up the stairs, and he could hear her laughing. After a few minutes he walked out to the kitchen and picked up the axe which lay beside the woodbox. As he held it in his hand, it seemed important to him that he should hurry up the hill and through the woods where the tree stood so that he could slash at it with desperate, heavy blows.

—Sally Benson

"All right. Now, this time you be the speeder and I'll be the cop."

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From "The Sound of an American," by David Ormsbee*]

I stood looking at the girl and then I moved over to her and rubbed her face with my hands and her shoulders.

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GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

Though current Tuesdays be somewhat meatless,
And current houses somewhat heatless,
And zoot suits totally reet pleatless,
Is Christmas Day to pass by greetless?
No, by Scrooge! Go sound the hautboy
For every gob and every doughboy,
Asea, aloft, in sub, on land,
From India's icy mountains to Alaska's coral strand.

Bombardiers and leathernecks,
Riveters of either sex,
Waacs and Waves and British Wrens,
Nurses, corporals and Gens.,
Tanker crews and Navy divers—
Love from all us back-seat drivers!
Wherever you are, whatever you do,
The thought this Yule is all for you.
Friends, a toast. Let's drink *More Power*
To Nimitz, Halsey, Eisenhower,
MacArthur, Marshall, Leahy, Stark,
Holcomb, Stilwell, and Mark Clark!
To Frenchmen Honoré Giraud,
Charles de Gaulle, and Herriot;
To Timoshenko, the Nazi-whacker,
Captain Eddie Rickenbacker,
And Donald Mason, who gained fame
By sighting sub and sinking same!
Vive my godson, Everett Hall!
Hurrah for Leverett Saltonstall!
Joy to Thomas Edmund Dewey!
Love to every gold-tipped looie!
Peace to each harassed company clerk!
Ahoy to Lieutenant Eddie Burke!
Happy holiday returns
To Donald Nelson and James F. Byrnes,
Flora Robson, Whitford Kane,
Ambassador Grew and Rosemary Lane;
Hugh O'Connell, Ella Logan,
District Attorney Frank S. Hogan,
General Pershing, Claude Rains,
Branch Rickey and Tex Haynes;
Harold the Ick and Felix the Frank,
Leon the Hend and Kaiser the Hank,
The Lovetts, Evie and Adele,
The Roosevelts, Franklin D. and Nell,
Dorothy Stickney, Ik Shuman,
Edna Best and Senator Truman,
Ida Brownson, Beulah Bondi,
The Rockefellers, Nelson, John D.;
The Sullivans, Maxine, Ed, and Mark,
Tip Corning and Richard Stark,
Princess Elizabeth and her dad,
The gallant men of Stalingrad,
The gallant men of Malta, too,
And Madame Chiang and Dr. Hu;
And Winston Churchill—why, gorblimey,
I shan't omit that good Allimey!
A fond, lascivious Yule grimace
At Leo Hershfield and Sallie Chase,
Gluyas Williams, Lou Little,
General Jimmy Doolittle,
Dudley Digges and Leo Carroll,
Wally Duncan, Glenda Farrell,
Lily Pons, the nightingale,
Veronica Lake, the glamour frail,
Tom Meany, Bill Corum,
Joe Cummiskey, Toots Shorum.
A calorific Christmas leer
For Marise Campbell, Jimmy Slear,
Burt Youngman, Ernest Bevin,
Joe Fennell and Sergeant Levin,
Jimmy Savo, Margie Hart,
The Gaffneys, Clema, Jane, and Bart!
Joy to Dr. Tom Dwyer,
Chaplain William A. Maguire,
Julia Marlowe, Otis Swift,
Major General Vandegrift,
Monty of El Alamein,
The Theatre Wing's Stage Door Canteen!
Let the Yule be brave and fair
For Ernie King and Butch O'Hare;
Give with a Christmas roundelay
For Captain Wheless and Ensign Gay!
Come, waits, make with the *Good King Wence*
For the Office of Civilian Defense;
Sing it for each air-raid warden;
Warble it for Ethel Borden,
For Neysa McMein, the peerless sketcher,
William Jeffers, the rubber-stretcher,
Edgar Hoover and the F.B.I.,
Bennie Bergman and James L. Fly,
Uta Hagen, José Ferrer,
Cecil Brown, the censor's terror,
Tony Muto, Harold Denny,
Alvan Barach, Sister Kenny,
Haakon's husky, fighting Norsemen,
Arnold's similar Air Force men!
Sing, waits, for airplane fitters,
Shipyard workers, Bundles knitters;
Sing for the dames who help the Cause
By folding miles of Red Cross gauze;
Sing, and make your affection noisy,
For the Marblehead and Boise!
Sing for us poor bewildered cits,
Victims of the rations blitz;
Joyfully we'll all go meatless
While Nimitz renders Tojo fleetless,
So praise the Lord and pass the gravy
To the Army and the Navy!
Our aim: By the end of Forty-three—
Hitler in Hell and the Nations Free!

—FRANK SULLIVAN

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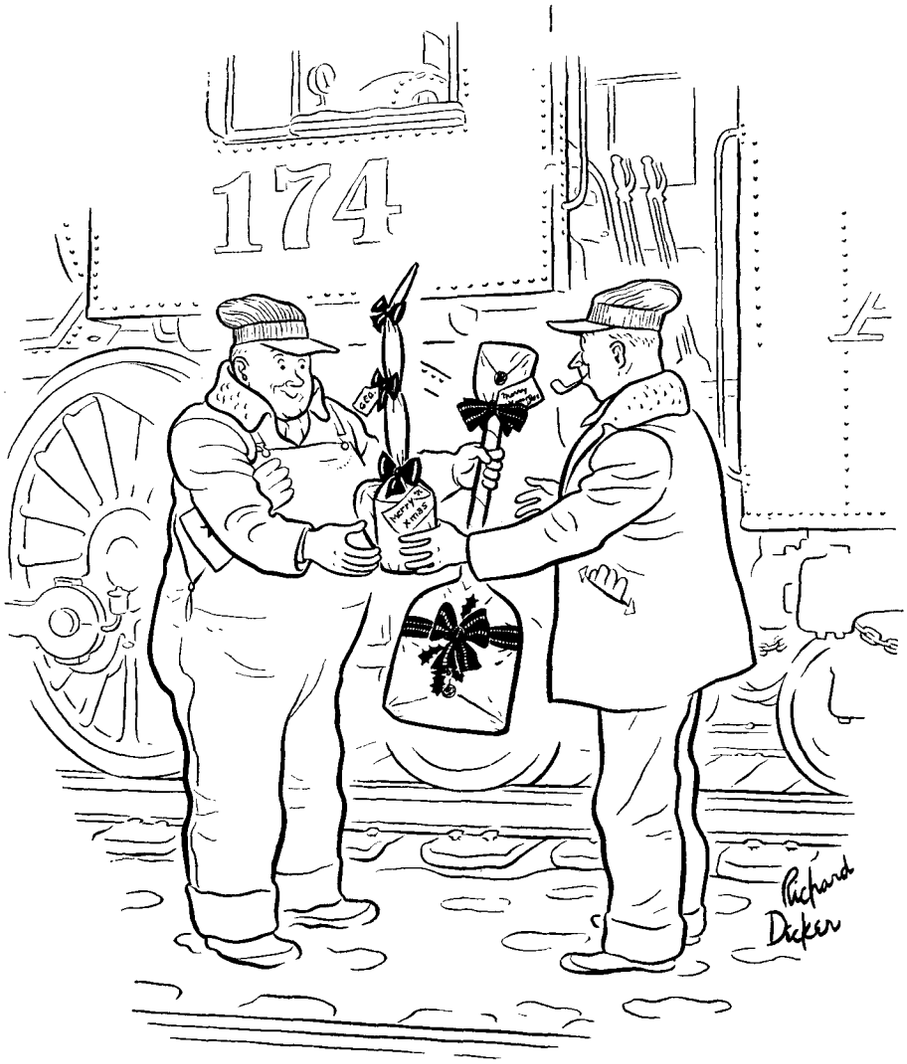
ANY PURPLE SUBJUNCTIVES TODAY?

WHENEVER metropolitan life tends to pall, as it often does, I like to emulate Lieutenant Brackenbury Rich, late of the Indian hill wars and the Adventure of the Superfluous Mansion, and court the adventure lurking behind the city's prosaic façade. On one occasion I may perch my fedora at a rakish angle and, flaunting a pair of fierce mustaches executed in charcoal, invade the purlieus of Little Italy, disguised as a basso. On another I plunge into Yorkville in rough pea jacket and fatigue cap, a saboteur in quest of shelter. It was in this venturesome mood that I descended at Sheridan Square the other afternoon and struck out boldly into the Village. The bearded sculptors and their grisettes thronging the sidewalk gave me no second glance; my portfolio and Windsor tie admitted me instantly to their freemasonry. Occasionally, to strengthen the characterization, I held up a pencil to some passing model and exclaimed, "What foreshortening! What impasto! Could I but limn those classic contours!"

After several mishaps of no consequence to the present narrative, except that I was treated with every consideration in the emergency ward at Bellevue, I returned to my compound bearing a remarkable handbill thrust on me by an urchin. In language as ornate as any that ever appeared in the *Yellow Book*, the broadside celebrated the jewelry obtainable at the Studio of Sam Kramer, at 29 West Eighth Street. Never having seen it, I cannot vouch for the work of this downtown Cellini, but here is his own evaluation:

FANTASTIC JEWELRY for People Who Are Slightly Mad. This is vital and challenging stuff—these pieces of laced and beaten silver—real adventures in personal decoration. TORTURED AND MASSIVE. Some of the things have a morbid feeling: tortured and massive, they almost cry out with hysteria. Some are mild or wicked satires; many are tantalizing abstractions. NEITHER UNCOUTH NOR OUTRAGEOUS. And yet, there are pieces too, which are neither uncouth nor outrageous, but just distinguished and appealing . . . ideal gifts. BUYING IS DEFINITELY DISCOURAGED. People who come to the studio of Sam Kramer are never pressed into buying. In some cases buying is actually discouraged. . . . HOW DO YOU TAKE YOUR BLASPHEMIES? If you're a cynic with an appetite for subtle blasphemies . . . or if you're a woman in a black gown with a sense of what is stark and dramatic . . . or a man with a ring-finger going to waste for want of something heavy or amazing—or if you're someone sick through and through of being anyone in a crowd . . . IF YOU'RE ANY OF THESE PEOPLE or if you just like jewelry—particularly original hand wrought jewelry—why then you must surely come to the STUDIO OF SAM KRAMER.



WELL, Sam, I wish I could get down there, but, to tell the truth, I've been laid up with some kind of word poisoning, so I'll just have to visualize what's going on in my absence:

(*Scene: The Studio of Sam Kramer, a spacious atelier decorated with blood-red velvet drapes and modernique furniture. Skyscraper bookcases, one of them a model of the Bush Terminal Building so faithful that it even has tiny office workers scurrying in and out. The paintings are largely tantalizing abstractions—an egg balanced on a cone, an erg balanced on a bone, a hag balanced on a roan. Along one wall a showcase displays a variety of hysterical but inexpensive brooches, priced from five to ten dollars.*

At rise, eight or nine persons are discovered chatting animatedly over cocktails. They include Blount, a dealer in literary curiosa and thrice indicted by the postal authorities; Moira Bland, an intense minor poetess in hoop earrings and Paisley; Dennis O'Toole, a publisher's assistant who is single-handedly sponsoring Russia; Beatrice and Donald Ogden Larousse, the dictionary people; Diego Satchel, a Mexican muralist often mistaken for Orozco; and the Korngolds, two plain people who are simply sick of being anyone in a crowd. As Sam Kramer has been called out of town unexpectedly, Orestes Munn, his chief apprentice, is busily circulating a tray of canapés.)

BLOUNT (*to Mrs. Larousse*): You mean to say you never read the memoirs of Fanny Hill? Why, it's one of the great experiences!

MRS. LAROUSSE: What is it—some kind of a historical work?

BLOUNT: No, it's more a true-confessions type thing. I'll mail you a copy tomorrow in a plain wrapper.

MRS. LAROUSSE (*archly*): Do I have to read it in a plain wrapper?

BLOUNT (*inflamed*): I got a closet-

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"Now admit it, isn't this much more fun than some old bar?"

• •

ful of fancy ones. Come up to my place and we'll read it together.

LAROUSSE: Look here, you little greaser, are you trying—

BLOUNT (*dodging*): Excuse me, I have to correct some proofs. (*He hastily joins Diego and Moira Bland.*)

DIEGO: The trouble with MacDougal Alley is it has only two dimensions. The people over there is strictly a lot of cheap crumbs. Now, in my home in Guadalajara—

MOIRA (*transported*): Guadalajara. The echolalia of that word. It's so—so tarred with the bright black brush of authenticity.

DIEGO: You see what I mean?

MOIRA: Oh, I do, I do!

DIEGO: Then you must be crazy. (*He turns away, nearly upsetting the tray Orestes Munn is proffering O'Toole and Mrs. Larousse.*)

O'TOOLE (*taking a canapé*): Thank you.

ORESTES: How do you like the Korngolds, Mrs. Larousse?

MRS. LAROUSSE: I think they're the most delicious little things I've ever eaten. (*Confidentially*) Tell me, are you related to Ector and Mrs. Gurnee Munn?

ORESTES: No, but I'm always getting their mail. Isn't it maddening?

MRS. LAROUSSE: Isn't what maddening?

ORESTES: Always getting their mail.

MRS. LAROUSSE: I don't know. I never got any of it.

O'TOOLE (*seeking to conceal her gaffe*): What do you hear from the Princess Chavchavadze?

ORESTES: Dear Katya! She never

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"Just a moment—I'll ask the questions!"

• •

writes. (*He moves toward the Korngolds, who are embroiled in a domestic argument.*)

MRS. KORNGOLD (*bitterly*): A clasp. That's all I'm asking you for—a lousy little clasp. You wouldn't part with five dollars to make your own wife stark and dramatic.

KORNGOLD: Leave me alone. If you're dying for something tortured and massive, go feed the elephants in the Zoo.

ORESTES (*entering*): Well, how you folks getting along? Everything O.K.?

MRS. KORNGOLD: Lovely.

ORESTES: You've made a conquest, Mrs. Korngold. Mr. Blount was just saying that your body had the clean, soaring sweep of Brancusi's "Bird."

KORNGOLD: The brain, too.

ORESTES: Your face suggests strange scarlet sins. If I were your husband, I know the very thing I'd buy you.

KORNGOLD: A muzzle.

ORESTES: No, that ring there—the big one with the filigree. The original belonged to Lucrezia Borgia.

MRS. KORNGOLD (*grimly*): What I want is the original poison from it.

KORNGOLD: That was obvious when you made me double my insurance.

MRS. KORNGOLD (*convulsively*): Why, you soapy *schmegeggie*—

ORESTES: Er—pardon me. (*As he backs away, he collides with a man who has entered and is looking around uncertainly.*)

MAN: I'm sorry. . . . Say, bud, is this the right floor for the jewelry?

ORESTES (*carelessly*): Yes, we have a few paltry arabesques from fabled Samarkand and Cathay. May I show you a frothy chaplet of centaurs and Nereids prisoned in chalcedony?

MAN: Well, no, I—

ORESTES: Then how about a ribald locket from storied Cockaigne, peopled with the antic creatures of Branch Cabell? Or a panache of star dust to rival the promise in your sweetheart's eyes?

MAN: Not this minute. I tell you, Jack, what I had in mind—

ORESTES: Something grave yet gay? A locket as demure as a May morning, fashioned with a cunning spring which opens to reveal the drolleries of Aretino? Or mayhap a ponderous silver amulet that graced but yesteryear some lordly rover of the Spanish Main?

MAN: Gee, that sounds perfect, but look—do you handle key rings?

ORESTES (*freezing*): I beg your pardon?

MAN: You know, some kind of a gimmick so the change and the keys don't get mixed up in my pants.

ORESTES: How did *you* get in here?

MAN: Why, through that door over there. I saw a sign outside—

ORESTES (*clapping his hands peremptorily*): Take him, Wing Fat! (*Wing Fat, a giant Cantonese with soft brown noodles, fiercely loyal to Munn, emerges from behind the arras, pinions the intruder.*)

WING FAT: Him velly bad joss. Plenty bobbery along him. (*He draws his finger significantly across his throat.*)

ORESTES: No—just a skulking jackal sent by Black, Starr & Gorham, Inc., to mulct us of our most cherished designs.

MAN (*weakly*): Competition is the life of trade.

THE OTHERS: Hang him, hang him!

ORESTES: No. Go now, but tell your scheming masters that if they ever come below Fourteenth Street, we'll present them with a necklace made fashionable by Judge Lynch!

(*As all acclaim his words, Wing Fat removes the captive, Blount resumes pinching Mrs. Larousse, and the Korngolds take a No. 19 bus to West End Avenue.*)

CURTAIN

—S. J. PERELMAN

• •

CHRISTMAS, 1942

Greet Christmas and the brave New Year with praise
And let no Judas-column whisper treason
Against the fealty of such holidays:
The faithful birth of the renewing season.
Lift up your hearts because the Christ was born:
Give life—it is a thing you may not hoard—
For the sad earth by every bomb that's torn
Shudders toward peace and its enduring Lord.

—CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

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PROFILES

TWO-STAR GENERAL-I

Major General Harding

EDWIN FORREST HARDING, known as Forrest to the few people who dare address him familiarly, is a major general commanding a body of United States troops now serving overseas. He has felt decidedly cool toward Germany ever since a Nazi-controlled firm of publishers failed to pay royalties on the German edition of a military textbook for which he was chiefly responsible, and he has looked with disfavor upon Japan since 1925, when, while he was on duty in Asia, eight of the Emperor's soldiers deliberately stepped on his toes in a railroad station, clearly hoping to involve him in a brawl. "I didn't do anything then," the General said regretfully a few months ago, "because I thought I might become an international incident." His present attitude toward both countries is hostile and vehement, and he recently astonished a junior officer who had the impression that the General was always as mild-mannered as he looks by describing what he would do to any ununiformed snipers he caught squinting at his men. "I was as surprised," the officer said, "as if my own mother had said it."

Of the six-hundred-odd United States generals on active duty today, General Harding, a short, trim man of fifty-six whose language under ordinary circumstances is as admirably controlled as his waistline, ranks about hundred and thirtieth, a fact which gives him a position of importance in military circles roughly equivalent to that of a senator in civilian life. Nevertheless, he is practically unknown to the public. He has been in the service for thirty-seven years, ever since the day he entered West Point in the spring of 1905. When he was graduated, along with a hundred and two other young second lieutenants, it probably never occurred to him that he and his classmates might someday be responsible in considerable measure for their country's security and happiness. Today a reunion of the class of 1909 would be presided over by its highest-ranking member, Lieutenant General Delos C. Emmons, now commanding the Hawaiian Department, and would bring together two other lieutenant generals, seven major generals, ten brigadier generals, and a whole platoon of colonels. Upon the leadership of General Harding and his classmates will depend, doubtless more specifically than their teachers ever predicted, the shape of things to come.

To many people a major general is the highest possible military personage. Since majors are superior to lieutenants, major generals are often thought to rank lieutenant generals, and since any general officer is usually just called "general," a full general (MacArthur and Marshall are the only ones) is sometimes thought to be merely a major general or lieutenant general who is using just half his formal title. Actually, there are four kinds of general: generals, who wear four silver stars on each shoulder; lieutenant generals, who wear three; major generals, who wear two; and brigadier generals, who wear one. No other Army officers wear stars on their shoulders. Being a major general, General Harding is known in military circles as a two-star general. His five-pointed stars, of which he has a half-dozen pairs for his various uniforms, cost about three dollars a pair, but he has never bought any, all those he owns having been presented to him as gifts. At the sight of his glittering shoulders, lesser military figures pop up from their seats and remain rigidly at attention until he indicates that he wishes otherwise. General Harding almost invariably wishes otherwise. He does not believe in senseless discipline and is therefore sometimes looked upon with suspicion by other generals, some of whom like to leave a trail of human ramrods in their wake. These officers are likely to be even more suspicious if they know that he loves poetry, has composed it on occasion, and quotes it profusely at opportune moments. When reading, even to himself, a particularly satisfying verse, he taps his foot rhythmically, like a guitar player in a swing band. His favorite poet is Kipling, a member of that robust school which lends itself to vigorous accompaniment, but he has certain other literary tastes about which he is slightly self-conscious, and at times, when he reads more delicate lyrics, he conceals them behind the covers of a field manual, lest the word get around. "Look what Shakespeare did to the reputation of Tunney," he once said.

General Harding, who has read "Hamlet" five times, is probably in better physical condition than most of those Army officers to whom quotations from the classics are relatively unfamiliar. Though well above draft age, he does exercises that would cause many a younger officer to wilt. He has been partial to calisthenics for twenty years, and for the past seven has performed them with an enormous lack of restraint. Every day he exercises for thirty minutes before breakfast and for thirty minutes before dinner. He keeps careful track of the time, and if, say, he is prevented by official duties from putting in more than twenty-six or twenty-seven minutes on one evening, he conscientiously works off the unexpired time next morning. When a major entered the general's quarters during a physical-culture hour recently, he was startled to find his commander on the floor doing push-ups. The General tosses these off in series of thirty. "Have a seat," ordered the General, panting mildly, and continued to count from twenty-four to thirty while the major fidgeted uneasily on the edge of a chair. General Harding is understandably proud of the condition he has kept himself in, and on a visit to Franklin, Ohio, his birthplace, shortly after he was made a brigadier general in 1940, he was flattered because old friends seemed impressed less by his celestial rank than by the fact that his stomach was flat.

Like most Regular Army officers, General Harding has, since joining up, seen the world. As a second lieutenant he served in the Philippines, and as a first lieutenant on the Mexican border. As a captain he was an instructor at West

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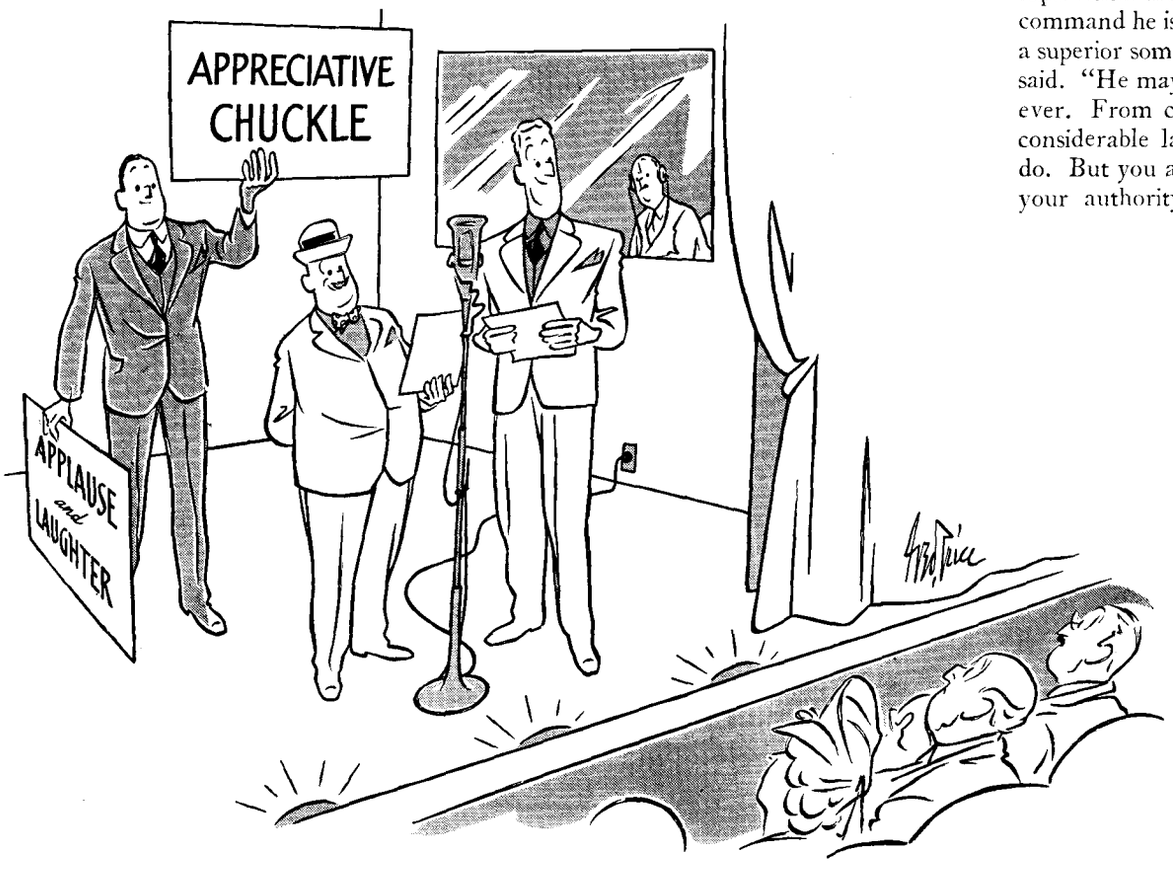
Point, as a major he was a battalion commander in China, and as a lieutenant colonel he was stationed in Washington to edit the *Infantry Journal*, a leading semi-official Army publication. In the summer of 1940, when Congress passed the Selective Training and Service Act and men began nervously taking censuses of their dependents and weighing their indispensability to their employers, he was a colonel in command of an infantry regiment in Hawaii. At that time it was announced by the War Department that all promotions of officers would thenceforth be temporary, so, when he was appointed a brigadier general on the first of October the same year, he knew that at the end of the emergency he would almost certainly be a colonel once again. The October 1st promotion list made Ben Lear, who in those pre-yoohoo days was comparatively unknown, a lieutenant general. It made major generals of Jonathan M. Wainwright, who as a lieutenant general followed MacArthur in command on Bataan; of George H. Brett, now a lieutenant general in command of the Caribbean Defense Command; and of Joseph W. Stilwell, now a lieutenant general commanding the American forces in China, Burma, and India. Though most promotions are made more or less according to seniority, promotions to the rank of general officer are on a much more selective basis.

In the peacetime establishment of the United States Army there were only a hundred and thirty-one generals, and many able soldiers who had served thirty or forty years had not risen above a lieutenant-colonelcy and were retired as colonels at the age of sixty-four. General Harding, who in 1938 was highly pleased with his promotion to colonel at the age of fifty-one, had no further ambitions, because he felt that the largely social activities of generals during peacetime were not especially to his taste. Since childhood, however, he has had an immense respect, amounting almost to hero worship, for the great generals of history. As a young boy, before he had decided on a military career, he imagined himself as a likely successor to Alexander the Great. "I dreamed about being like Alexander until I was twenty, and then gave him up, since he died at thirty-three," the General said reflectively a while ago. "When I passed twenty-seven, I gave up Hannibal and Napoleon. At forty-two I gave up Caesar. Finally there was no one left but von Hindenburg."

AS a two-star general, General Harding is entitled to privileges nearly equal in number to his responsibilities. Whereas lesser officers are driven around in drab Plymouths or Fords by privates, he has at his constant disposal a handsome, shiny black Packard driven by a sergeant. On ceremonial occasions he is entitled to fly, on the front of his car, a large red flag bearing two white stars, but he never uses this pennant, since it strikes him as ostentatious and, incidentally, would obscure the view. He contents himself with a comparatively restrained red-and-white military identification plate above his front license. When a soldier in the path of the car sees this plate, he knows that it is the General's, and salutes. General Harding is the only person in his command who is saluted by everyone else, and at the end of a busy day his arm is sometimes tired. At Fort Bragg, North Carolina, where, as a brigadier general, he was assistant commander of the Ninth Infantry Division for a year, he frequently tried to sneak unnoticed into his office before one of the clerks on its fringes could yell "Attention!" and bring everyone present to his feet. Once when the General was approaching his office, he remembered that he had business elsewhere and started to retreat. He was too late, however. An observant corporal had spotted him and given the signal, and everybody was standing. Reluctant to disappoint so erect and respectful an assemblage, the General proceeded into his office and attended to his other business later.

General Harding's authority, like that of every other Army officer, is subject to supervision from above, but within his command he is the boss. "I know there's a superior somewhere," the General has said. "He may be a long way off, however. From colonel on up, you've got considerable latitude in what you may do. But you always have a feeling that your authority is circumscribed, as it should be." At the moment General Harding has two aspirations. "I want to do a good job of leading my troops," he says, "and I want to bring as many men back as possible." Like many troop commanders today, he had had no combat experience before this war. During much of the last war he taught history and other subjects at West Point, with the rank of captain. In wartime the Academy regards with disfavor any applications on the part of its faculty for foreign service, and he was unable



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to break away. "All I know about battle is what I read in the books," he once said lightly, but he failed to add that he had thoughtfully read most of the books written on battle. He has mulled over practically every major conflict ever fought and is regarded as an authority on military history. He has fought many a battle in his mind and has won some notable victories. Before this war he had never cried "Over the top!" except in maneuvers and dreams, but he had spent years commanding troops and had acquired about all the academic military knowledge the Army can impart. His theoretical education was complete; now he is practicing his profession. There are no training manuals for generals. They are the leaders, and they make the rules as they go along. "You can't reduce leadership to a set of rules," General Harding has said. "Success is the big thing in battle. If you get off right, you're lucky. If your own men feel you've led them successfully, you'll lead better by virtue of their confidence in you. Every man you bring through his first fight is a great asset to you."

"Go right up, sir. She expects you."

• • •

WHEN General Harding was awarded his first set of single stars two years ago, his wife was heard to observe ruefully, "Now that Forrest's a brigadier general, people won't have us on their good parties any more." In most military circles generals are considered detached and superior beings, and on the whole rather untouchable, and General Harding, a man of gregarious nature, is distressed by this attitude. When in the United States, he has always been glad to make visits to Washington, where generals are as abundant as Greek gods on Olympus. Once, while attending to some business at the War Department, he was elated when a guard, unimpressed by his rank, asked gruffly what he was doing hanging around after office hours. General Harding replied truthfully that he was looking for a place to make a phone call, and the guard said he guessed it would be all right that once. Whenever the General wants to make a phone call in his own realm, people all but rip the wires out of the walls trying to accommodate him. He is always attempting to escape the homage due his rank and is sometimes discreetly criticized by other officers for being insufficiently unapproachable. When he wants to talk to an inferior, he frequently goes out to look for the man instead of summoning him to come at double time, which he is perfectly entitled to do. He often talks with enlisted men. "I've never felt you had to surround yourself with an aura," he has explained. "Why stand on false dignity? Why take the attitude that you're a superior being? If you make yourself hard to approach, you don't find out a lot of things you ought to know."

The enlisted men serving under General Harding are inclined to respect this companionability much more than they would aloofness. One night, driving back to camp after a late dinner party, General Harding told his sergeant chauffeur to stop alongside a forlorn uniformed figure reclining in a ditch. It was a drunken soldier. General Harding and his sergeant dragged the soldier into the car, extracted from him the location of his company, and drove on. A noncommissioned officer on night duty in the company orderly room was startled a short while afterward when

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the soldier stumbled in, one arm fraternally clutching the starry shoulder of a general. "Put him to bed," the General said in a commanding tone. "But don't say anything. We wouldn't want him to get into trouble, would we?" There are relatively few privates in the Army today who can boast that they have ever even conversed with a general. On another occasion the General's troops were taking part in an informal essay contest in which prizes were being awarded for the best replies to the pertinent question "What are we fighting for?" One of the answers said, "I am fighting for General Harding, because when I accidentally bumped into him the other night he wasn't mad but in fact said 'Pardon me.'" When Harding was made a major general last February, he got his first inkling of that satisfying news from a congratulatory telegram sent by three privates who had served under him and, having been tipped off about the promotion by a journalist friend, couldn't resist immediately notifying the General of their happiness.

THE annual base pay of a major general is $8,000. General Harding receives, in addition, allowances for rations, rent, overseas service, and a few other involved extras that bring his total salary to almost $11,000 a year. Though a comfortable enough income, this pay is not a lordly amount, considering that he has devoted almost forty years to an honorable profession and has by painstakingly gradual steps risen to the top of it. General Harding is not upset by the knowledge that in some civilian pursuit he might be earning much more. "Nobody ever went into the Army to make money," he says. He points out, furthermore, that there is one delightful aspect of his trade: no financial secrets exist among Army officers. "Everyone knows what everyone else makes," he has said. "It's a sort of bond. There's no use trying to put on a front."

A general's expenses vary according to where he is stationed, his social proclivities, and the size of his family. General Harding has two sons and two daughters, all grownup except his younger girl, who is eight. One son, a graduate of West Point, is now a first lieutenant in the Army Air Forces, piloting a Flying Fortress. The other, who inherited his father's literary inclinations and enjoyed a production of "Richard III" when exposed to it at the age of five by the General, went on from that prophetic start to earn a Ph.D. in English. He is still a student in the graduate school at the University of Illinois. The General's elder daughter is married to a captain in the Armored Forces. Like many daughters of military fathers, she has always felt an affinity for soldiers; she turned down one suitor, of whom she was otherwise extremely fond, because he happened to be a civilian. "She was funny that way," her father recently said. "She felt she couldn't be happy in civilian life."

The General's wife, whom he married in 1913, when he was a second lieutenant, came from Middletown, Ohio, six miles from Franklin. They have gone back to Franklin whenever he has had a leave. He is allowed one month off a year, but he has not always been able to take advantage of this right, and he estimates that since 1909 he has been cheated of at least a full year in leaves. Time off accrues only up to a total of four months, and the General will be entitled to that much leave at the end of the war. He plans to spend it, as usual, in Franklin, which he regards as his base of personal operations. He has no real home. "Wherever I happen to be is my home," he says. "We're nomads." Since their marriage the Hardings have averaged about one move a year. The General, up to a few years ago, was fortunate in having his family with him during most of his service and in putting in a few fairly long tours of duty—four years at Fort Benning, Georgia, three and a half in Tientsin, China, four while teaching at West Point, and four in Washington on the *Infantry Journal*. When he moved, usually in a small Ford, the government paid him the handsome sum of eight cents a mile, to which it added travel allowances for his dependents. For a long time he and all other Army officers received only seven cents a mile, a humiliating sum, since naval officers were drawing eight. This injustice was rectified several years ago, and now, when the Army and the Navy get together, they can discuss with harmonious vexation the fact that congressmen get twenty cents a mile. When shifting from one military address to another, major generals are allowed to ship 14,500 pounds of furniture and luggage at the government's expense. They are further aided by an Army regulation which permits the free transport of professional books and by a time-honored military assumption that all books are professional. Whenever the Hardings changed residences, they took along a ton of books, including every extant biographical study on Hannibal (the General's favorite historical character), a heavy load of Kipling, and several dozen pounds of minor poets.

Roughly speaking, a second lieutenant moving into an Army post is entitled to two rooms or, if living off the post, a rental allowance of about twenty dollars a month per room. A first lieutenant gets three rooms or sixty dollars, and each higher-ranking grade gets an extra room or an extra twenty bucks. By the time an officer becomes a general, he sometimes does without one of the chambers that are his due according to this arithmetical progression. In his last house at an Army post, General Harding had four bedrooms, two baths, two sleeping porches, a living room, a dining room, a kitchen, and a maid's room—just about par. He owns a lot of furnishings, including some Chinese rugs he brought back from the Orient in 1927, and in addition the government has supplied him with a dining-room set, several chests of drawers, a desk, and a few homey odds and ends. He buys furniture mainly for its durability, and since the beginning of his lengthy service he has refurnished only once. The government provides him with heat, light, a stove, and an electric refrigerator—the last a luxury which, since 1932, has been furnished to all officers above the rank of major. With some exceptions, lower-ranking officers get iceboxes, and may purchase ice at reasonable rates from the post commissary, which also sells groceries to officers' wives at about two-thirds of the price civilians pay. The General, who is inclined to be fussy about all his food, is especially finicky about coffee, and has occasionally dropped in on a mess sergeant and sampled his brew. General Harding feels that Army coffee would be more palatable if it were only more carefully prepared, and now and then, to prove his point, he has asked his wife to buy a sample batch of Army coffee at the commissary and serve it, carefully prepared, at home. After a while he has always switched back to some civilian brand.

Every American soldier, regardless of rank, is required to wear identification

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"You must try not to worry. Dr. Perry is doing everything humanly possible."

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discs, or dog tags, strung around his neck. Some officers wear theirs on fancy silver chains; General Harding suspends his on the same kind of white string that any private can obtain from his supply sergeant. The General's tags read, "Edwin F. Harding, O-2628, T41, A-B, Eleanor Harding, 302 Park Avenue, Franklin, Ohio, P"—his name, his serial number (its lowness indicating that he is a Regular who has been around for a long time), a record of the fact that he received anti-tetanus injections in 1941, his blood type (a rare one), the name of his wife (nearest of kin), her permanent address, and his religion, which is Protestant. This is the standard information given on each soldier's dog tags. The rest of the General's clothing and equipment is somewhat different, naturally enough, from that of lower-ranking soldiers. He buys his own clothes, most of them custom-tailored. His overcoats have two bands of black braid around the lower part of each sleeve, a sign that he is a general officer. He has one long overcoat, which cost eighty dollars, and two short ones, which cost fifty apiece. A blouse and two pairs of trousers, one light and one dark (the latter for formal wear), cost him a hundred and ten dollars. When the General gets all dressed up, he wears red suspenders under his blouse. He has three wool shirts (twelve dollars each), two extra pairs of trousers (fifteen dollars each), and a half-dozen sets of cotton uniforms for warm-weather wear (fifteen dollars a set). He wears civilian shoes. His caps are trimmed with gold braid, another sartorial peculiarity of generals. When he goes into the field, he takes a bedding roll, two trunk lockers, two suitcases, two shelter halves which, buttoned together, form a small tent, and, of course, a set of military brushes. In action, in addition to his usual uniform, he wears leggings, a pistol belt, a pistol, and a helmet, and he carries a first-aid packet and a gas mask. He has a private first-class assigned to him as an orderly. Officers in full dress customarily wear their medals and decorations. General Harding, never having had an opportunity before this war to serve in combat or be wounded, has only two medals, a Mexican-border award, given him because he was on the Mexican border briefly in 1916, and the Victory Medal, given to him and every other soldier who happened to be in the Army during the last war. He doesn't wear these, but ribbons indicating that he possesses them are sewn on his blouse.

SOCIAL life among Army officers is a good deal like that in a small town, where everyone knows everyone else intimately and the ordinary table conversation makes little sense to outsiders. The conduct of officers is governed by a number of social rules, mostly unwritten and all scrupulously observed. General Harding has managed to violate the majority of them. Most military hostesses decorously invite officers and wives of about the same age level to their dinner parties; the Hardings, contrarily,

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prefer to bring together oddly assorted types, like second lieutenants and colonels. At such affairs the highest-ranking officer is supposed to be seated at the hostess's right, the juniors strung along beyond at appropriate intervals, and civilians, if there are any, thrown in any old place. The Hardings now and then unorthodoxly seat people according to the tastes or interests they have in common. In doing so, they run the risk of offending Army wives, who are often more concerned with military rank than their husbands are. There are authenticated instances of colonels' wives who expected lieutenant colonels' wives to rise and stand at attention when they entered a room. General Harding is opposed to such goings on. "I adhere to the principle that there should be no rank among women in the Army," he once said, endearing himself to thousands of timorous brides of lieutenants. His distaste for social foolishness reached its peak in Hawaii, where he became unhappily acquainted with an exhausting custom which was rigorously observed by all officers arriving at that station. "You and your wife called on the commanding officer and his wife," General Harding once explained, "and they returned the call. Then everybody else called on you. Then you called on everybody else." On their arrival at Hawaii in 1938, the Hardings, in reluctant deference to this exacting formula, were obliged to pay a hundred and ten formal calls, which, though within a fairly limited area, occupied them for the better part of four months.

General Harding loves informal social gatherings, especially a cocktail party at which he can make the cocktails and at which a piano is available. He is a fastidious mixer of Martinis and sometimes even stirs formidable batches of them in advance, storing them in his cost-free refrigerator in anticipation of a suitable occasion. Though endowed with a low-ranking voice, he is also a tireless instigator of convivial singing. He specializes in sturdy choral numbers. Among his particular favorites are the venerable "Samuel Hall" and a ditty rather irrelevantly entitled "I Ain't Been Long in This Man's Army." In Hawaii it was customary for all regimental commanders to hold receptions on New Year's Day, and along about five o'clock in the evening the Hardings' parlor would begin to fill up with officers from neighboring regiments who had fulfilled their duties by attending their own commanders' shindigs and had then rushed over for some Martinis and ballads. As stars have settled more heavily on his shoulders, the General has found himself handicapped. Whenever he joins a merry throng, its members are apt to freeze up, abandoning ordinary conversation and waiting attentively for him to say something significant. "Increase in rank is a social liability," he complained recently. "I've noticed an awful tendency, for instance, to take every casual remark I make as a high statement, as if the Pope had said it."

A brigadier general is entitled to two aides, who in less troubled days often functioned as social secretaries, to the delight of many generals' wives. General Harding, on receiving his first set of single stars in Hawaii, picked himself a likely-looking aide, a young captain, and took him back to the United States. On his arrival at Fort Bragg, the General was surprised to find that he was entitled to another aide, and somewhat warily he requisitioned the services of a

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Out on a Long, Long Limb

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major, a good friend of his and an excellent officer who had previously been an aide to two other generals and had certain preconceived notions about how men on such heights should act. He thought the General should put on more front. The Major would open the right-hand door of General Harding's car, the General would get in on the left, and the Major would look hurt and go around to the other side of the car. Generals are supposed to maneuver themselves into cars so that they sit on the right-hand side. Subordinates, when riding or walking, always remain at their left. This custom caused General Harding some trouble a year or so ago when he went for a stroll in the company of Major General Oscar A. Griswold. General Griswold, by virtue of his position, outranked General Harding but held that he should walk at the left, since General Harding had been a class ahead of him at West Point. General Harding, who was not willing to give in on a matter of propriety, insisted that he walk on General Griswold's left, and the two officers dodged around each other for half a block before General Harding won his point, by which time they were both nearly in the gutter.

GENERAL HARDING has almost always got on well with other generals. However, while attending the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, fifteen years ago, he aroused the wrath of the commanding general because, in an operetta of Harding's composition, the regent of a mythical country, a not very lovable character, in some ways resembled the commanding general. Harding's argument that any such resemblance was coincidental was not well received, and the operetta, by official order, did not get beyond rehearsals. Most of the leading generals today are either acquaintances or close friends of his. He first met General MacArthur in 1921, when MacArthur was Commandant of West Point, and he was a tennis partner of General Marshall's in China, where they often played doubles against a chaplain and a quartermaster. Marshall, then a lieutenant colonel, knew that Harding, then a major, had dabbled in verse, and asked him to compose some suitable lyric on the occasion of the celebration of the Marshalls' twenty-fourth wedding anniversary. Harding brooded over this assignment for several days but was never able to get past an insolent couplet which ran, "I've known the Colonel a year or more. My God,

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Additional Amusement Advertising on page 44

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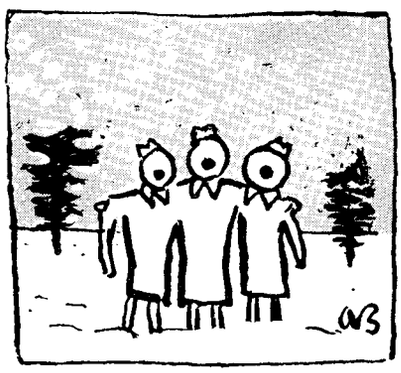
you've known him for twenty-four." Finally he abandoned that train of thought and composed a relatively mild parody of Kipling in which he set forth his views on a rather strenuous horseback-riding program Marshall had inaugurated among the officers serving under him. Marshall was delighted with it and used to ask the author to recite it when they met at parties.

General Harding has had one volume of poems published, at his own expense. It consisted mainly of Kipling parodies and other verses of a martial strain. His principal reason for publication was that it embarrassed him to have to ask a sergeant in his office to type up copies whenever some friend whose name was mentioned in a verse asked for a sheaf of souvenir stanzas. During the last ten years he has had little time for versifying, and he has only once dropped everything else to write a poem. This was a short lament designed to accompany an apologetic gift of flowers to a colonel's wife into whose bodice the General, while riding in the front seat of a car in which she occupied the back seat, had flipped a glowing cigarette butt.

Although the soldier poet has not yet produced anything as widely known as "Trees," he has achieved considerable prominence as an editor. When he was assigned to edit the *Infantry Journal* in 1934, it was a stodgy publication with a circulation of four thousand, and it appealed mainly to dentists with a military practice. The *Journal* was published under the surveillance of the Chief of Infantry, an office that went out of existence with the recent reorganization of the War Department, and when Harding assumed his new duties the Chief called him in to give him some advice. "Don't change the *Journal*," he said. "It's fine as it is." The new editor restrained himself, and his first issue contained only a few changes, such as a new cover, a livelier style, and much livelier subject matter. In the four years of his editorship Lieutenant Colonel Harding more than doubled the circulation, and when he was transferred he had it quivering proudly around the ten-thousand mark. He received $100 a month extra for his journalistic efforts, which, added to his lieutenant colonel's pay of $3,500, made it possible for the Hardings to get along nicely in Washington. Most of his authors were soldiers, a professional group not gifted in the construction of readable prose. Accordingly, the editor and his assistant, a facile captain, undertook to rewrite many of the articles accepted. Most of the editor's troubles were with would-be contributors. When he rejected articles by authors he outranked, they were likely to hold that his decisions were based less on astuteness than on mere seniority. He had even more difficulty with authors who outranked him. They rarely sent return postage with their manuscripts, since they never dreamed that a lieutenant colonel would dare to reject them.

In addition to editing the magazine, Harding took care of a prodigious correspondence, a backbreaking task for him, since he has always been sensationally slow at dictation. He sometimes takes ten minutes to compose a sentence. He prefers, on the whole, not to have a trained stenographer in attendance, since no skill in shorthand is needed to record the deliberate flow of his thoughts and it embarrasses him not to keep up with his secretary. As a major general, he has a voluminous correspondence, a good deal of it from the wives, sweethearts, and mothers of soldiers in his command, who ask him for small favors, such as discharges, for the men. Some generals might turn such inquiries over to subordinates, but General Harding answers most of his himself. He is extremely solicitous about the welfare of the enlisted men serving under him, and not long ago, when a soldier was sentenced to six months in prison for a breach of the Articles of War, he called the man in, questioned him at length, and subsequently suspended the sentence upon the man's earnest promise of good behavior. When the man went A.W.O.L. a couple of weeks after regaining his freedom, the General accepted this setback philosophically. "You can't be right all the time," he said. That disturbing incident did not alter his resolve to keep in as close touch as possible with the thousands of men whose lives have been entrusted to his care and whose futures may depend more on his discernment than on any other single factor. The General's friendly attitude toward his men sometimes amazes even them. "He is the only officer who ever asked me what high school I went to," one private said recently, marvelling. When an officer not given to worrying about such minutiae asked the General a while ago why he bothered so much about corporals and privates, his answer was prompt and brief. "I like soldiers," he said. —E. J. Kahn, Jr.

(This is the first of two articles on General Harding.)



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CRUST

Brief Recognition of Certain Individuals Who Recently Have Demonstrated a More Than Ordinary Adeptness at Effrontery

Locale	Demonstrator	Demonstration
Idaho Falls, Idaho	Farmer	When snowbound, he phoned the county recorder to send a snowplow to his farm at once because he was out of chewing tobacco.
Glendale, California	John E. Miller	He sued the management of a motion-picture theatre for $20,000 because it had shown a film that made him so indignant he contracted a heart ailment.
Sacramento	George M. Spray	As manager of a nudist colony, he wrote Governor Olson requesting that nudism be made compulsory in the public schools.
Dallas	Forger	He passed a worthless check bearing the signature U. R. Stuck.
Louisville	Sam Maupin	He filed a suit against the city charging that its anti-noise ordinance deprived him of his right to operate an advertising sound truck which, he said, was "pleasing to all citizens who love music."
Arkansas City, Kansas	Housewife	She summoned the Fire Department and asked the firemen to tell her why her automobile would not start.
Little Rock	John H. Mitchum, candidate for state representative	He charged the public admission to listen to his campaign speeches.

—W. E. Farbstein

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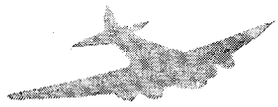

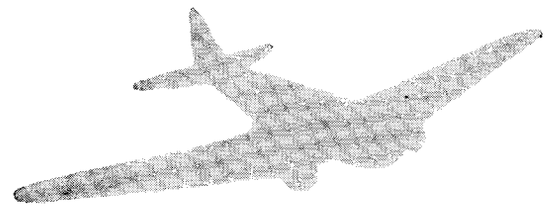

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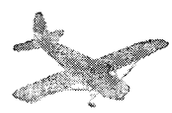

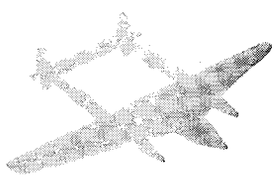

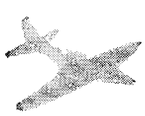

INTO THE FOG that overhung the Channel went Harriet Quimby, the smart and pretty Boston girl who was America's first licensed woman pilot.

Her creaky Bleriot monoplane puttered along on its 50 horsepower. She had never flown it before—nor ever used a compass, her only instrument.

But she landed on French soil to be welcomed as the first woman pilot to fly from England to the Continent.

Back she came to America—*to the pages of Good Housekeeping.* In the September, 1912 issue appeared these prophetic words by Harriet Quimby.

"There is no reason why the aeroplane should not open up a fruitful occupation for women. I see no reason why they cannot realize handsome incomes by carrying passengers between adjacent towns, why they cannot derive income from parcel delivery, or taking photographs from above, or conducting schools for flying. Any of these things it is now possible to do."

Women read those words—made them come true. In fact they have exceeded Harriet Quimby's prophetic vision.

Today women are in the thick of aviation's tremendous development. They make planes, they fly planes. The cool hands of women flyers take big bombers to the ends of the earth. They shuttle fighters back and forth.

Women instructors teach men to fly and to service planes.

The airlines depend more and more on women in key positions that once were man's exclusive domain.

Only wartime restrictions have temporarily halted the increasing proportion of women travelling by air alone or with their husbands and children.

Women own much of the capital stock of the leading equipment and transportation companies.

And legions of women are attuned to every hum of a propeller as the country's air power mounts in force.

Among the 8,100,000 readers of Good Housekeeping are countless thousands who, for some of these reasons, have a personal interest in air transport.

Both the manufacturing and operating divisions of the airplane industry have a stake in these readers.

The story of woman's share in aviation is so great—so dynamic, so powerful, so important—that it should be told to women. The time to start is now. *The place to start is Good Housekeeping.*

NO. 1 IN A SERIES BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING ON "WOMAN'S SHARE IN AVIATION"

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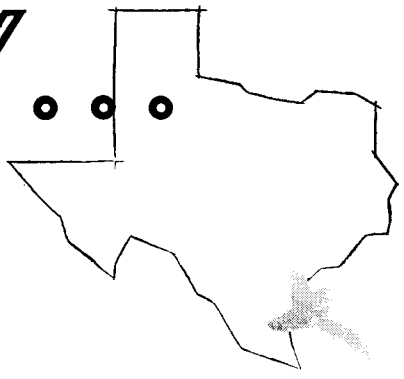
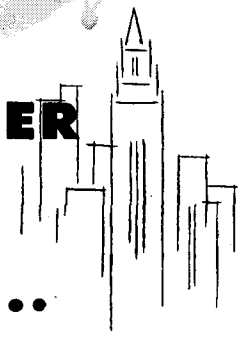
PROPHECY...



DO YOU REMEMBER THAT WOMEN...



piloted planes in 1909

flew from Texas to New York in 1919

won the Bendix race in 1936

set a world speed record in 1940

are aeronautical engineers in the U. S. N.

Good Housekeeping

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FINNEGANS TEETH

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON and Joseph Campbell, writing jointly in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, have undertaken to prove that Thornton Wilder's current play, "The Skin of Our Teeth," derives to a large extent from the book called "Finnegans Wake," by the late James Joyce. They make out an interesting and, at first glance, a fairly plausible case. "Finnegans Wake," as you undoubtedly know, begins, "riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore or bend of bay, brings us by a commodious vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs," and ends, "A way a lone a last a loved a long the." A passage chosen at random from the six hundred and twenty-eight intervening pages reads, "Unslow, malswift, pro mean, proh noblesse, Atrahore, melancolores, nears; whose glaque eyes glitt bedimmed to imm; whose fingrings creep o'er skull: till quench., asterr mist calls estarr and graw, honath Jon raves home glowcoma."

I haven't, I'm sorry to say, space here to tell you how ingeniously Mr. Robinson and Mr. Campbell trace their parallels between "Finnegans Wake" and Mr. Wilder's play, which opens with the line "The management takes pleasure in bringing you the news events of the day," closes with the words "Good night," and contains in between such passages as "It's simply freezing; the dogs are sticking to the sidewalk." It would be superfluous in any case, since it happens that the authors of the article in the *Review* have been totally misled by a series of small coincidences, such as the fact that the word "commodious" occurs in the first sentence of "Finnegan" and also early in the first scene of "Teeth," when Miss Bankhead refers to "a commodious seven-room house." The truth of the matter is that, instead of being partially borrowed from Mr. Joyce's work, "The Skin of Our Teeth" was actually taken almost in toto from an early novel of my own, called "Nabisco" (Roycroft Press, $1). It is, of course, obvious that this title and the name of Mr. Wilder's heroine, Sabina both stem, anagrammatically, from the root-word "basin," a circumstance that I regard as suggestive, to say the least.

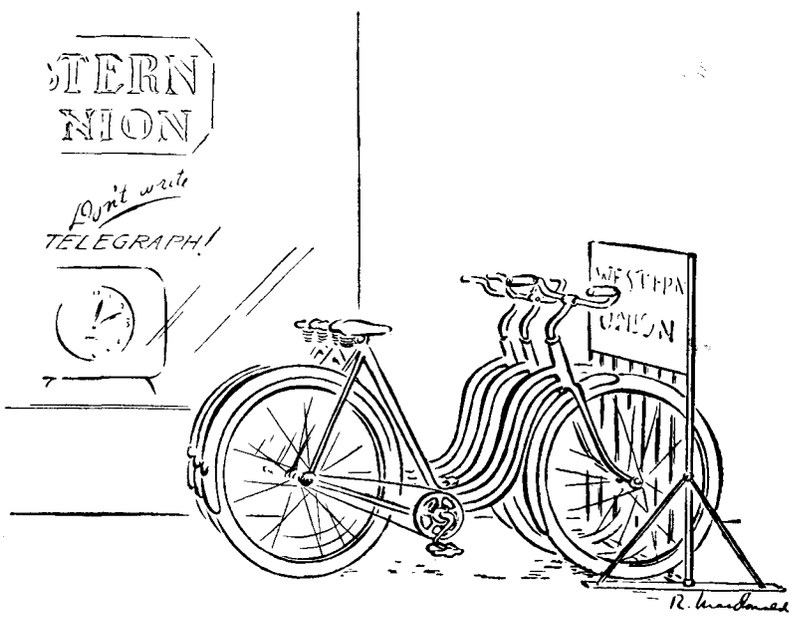
MY book, although described at the time as "gallant and cuddlesome . . . head and shoulders above Shakespeare" by Alexander Woollcott, unfortunately had a small sale and is now out of print. Until a friend of mine showed me the Robinson-Campbell "exposé," I had intended to say nothing about the demonstrable similarities between Mr. Wilder's product and my own, on the ground that special literary controversies of this nature are, generally speaking, both unprofitable and tiresome. Now, however, in the interests of justice and accuracy, I feel that it is my duty to clear up the whole damn mess.

"Nabisco," then, has precisely the same circular, or river-running and cycle-renewing, pattern that Mr. Robinson and Mr. Campbell have remarked in both "Skin" and "Wake." The action opens with a soliloquy by my protagonist, whose name is Nabisco and who is sometimes Mrs. Roosevelt and sometimes Mae West but always Lilith.

"To be and/or not, thart is the (k)western," she says, and goes on to explain that she has just returned from the Trojan War with her employer, Mr. Bustanoby (Antrobus?), in time to catch the blizzard of 1888. "The dargs are sicking to the slidwork," and she doesn't feel any too good herself. From this point on, the story, like Mr. Wilder's play, is punctuated by a series of epic catastrophes—a plague of locusts, the invention of the printing press, the election of Herbert Hoover, and so on. In the end, Nabisco, back this time from the Battle of Gettysburg, concludes her soliloquy, "Floor square and seven yrs. ague . . ." The circle has come full swing. The dogs are still sticking to the sidewalk.

In addition to its purloined framework, "The Skin of Our Teeth" is rich in other borrowings from "Nabisco." Sabina's habit of stepping out of her stage character to address the audience ("I hate this play and every word in it") is clearly foreshadowed by Nabisco's frequent asides to the reader ("This book is a brook is a buck is a gyp"). The convention scene at Atlantic City, in which George Antrobus, now president of all the mammals, is seduced by Sabina, is shamelessly derived from the chapter in my book in which Nabisco and Mr. Bustanoby are arrested for disorderly conduct following an orgy at the P.E.N. Club. The mysterious letter containing the secret of the universe, which Mrs. Antrobus casts into the sea, is no more than a minor variation of my own device of having Bustanoby chew up and swallow a telegram from God on page 722. Less obvious, perhaps, is the fact that young Henry Antrobus, or Cain, and my own Junior Bustanoby, who appears alternately throughout the book as Mutt and Jeff, are essentially the same, but it should be apparent to any serious scholar.

The parallels in the text itself are far too numerous to list in this brief compass. Not only is Mr. Wilder in my debt for many unusual and striking hyphenates ("skunk-pot," "goat's-gizzard," "fish-bait," etc.) but often for the basic design of whole sentences. Thus, somewhere in the first act of "The Skin of Our Teeth," we have Sabina exclaiming over the miracle of wireless telegraphy. "What hath God wrought!" she cries. I can only refer the reader to page 176 of my novel, where, in a passage describing Nabisco's similar mystification on being confronted with the first portable radio, he will find the following: "wierd-for, how-come, wassup, *woth g'rawt?*" The italics are my own. The prosecution rests. —WOLCOTT GIBBS



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Yes indeed, you wouldn't know the old place now! Leisure hours for thousands of Portlanders have become labor hours (with time and a half for overtime). What was a mud-flat on the river banks two years ago, is today an 11-way shipyard. But that's not all that has changed in Portland. Basic industries have expanded. New industries have developed at breath-taking speed. All this is typical of Portland's new tempo. Typical too, is Portland's ever-increasing industrial payroll. It has grown to four times what it was 24 months ago, and population has gone up almost 30%. All this means that in Portland, Oregon, advertisers will find a good market growing bigger and better.

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LITTLE FELLOW

WOMEN liked Robert Peake. I recall one woman telling me jokingly, but I think truthfully, that he aroused her maternal instinct. He was a clean-cut little fellow, slim, fair, and all that. He looked delicate, but this was deceptive. Men liked Peake, and because they had no wish to mother and protect him they really understood him a good deal better than the women did. Peake was always having to dodge—very politely, of course—the ladies who became openly possessive. Since he devoted as much of his time as he possibly could to outdoor exercise, he was always in perfect health, and men who discovered him to be fit and fresh after thirty-six holes of golf promptly got over their initial supposition that he was fragile. Women, seeing him mostly in his calmer moments, went on being deluded.

I first met Peake at a golf club in Connecticut, and then and there went through a thirty-six-hole initiation into the mysteries of his excessive energy when I played as a fill-in in his regular foursome. Afterward he ate an enormous lunch. I was ready for a Sunday-afternoon nap at this point, but Peake hurriedly drank the last of his coffee and dashed out to play tennis, from two until six. He played tennis the way he played golf—tensely and well.

That was the summer I bought a house in Fairfield County and got to know a lot of people around New Canaan and Wilton. Peake and I saw each other quite often at the club and in different houses. I learned that he was twenty-eight years old, that he was doing very well with his late father's real-estate business, and that he and his mother were widely known and liked thereabouts.

There was a look in his eyes that I did not understand at first. Although he seemed to have a cheerful disposition, there was a quality in his expression which suggested a continuous inner torture.

I marvelled at the things that Robert's slight body was able to do. After hours of badminton his opponent's aching muscles cried for relief, but not Robert's. He always managed to find somebody else to play with, and went on tirelessly. Tournament squash, croquet, Swedish ringtoss—he didn't seem to care what the game was, so long as he was in it. I daresay it sounds funny, but he played croquet just as savagely as he played everything else. His ambition seemed to be to splinter the balls. The interesting thing was that, unlike so many people who perform with ferocity, he was technically excellent at whatever he did. When he swam, he churned up so much water and left such a wake that at first glance you would have supposed he was clowning or thrashing about out of sheer joy at being in the water on a hot summer day. Then, if you looked more closely, you would see that he was swimming with precise skill. Every time he turned his face up from the water—he was likely to choose one of the more complex crawls—he looked as though he were trying to escape strangulation; his very life seemed to depend on whether he reached the other end of the pool. One night each week he went over to the Westport Y.M.C.A. and practiced stunts with a tumbling group.

That first summer my general reaction to Peake was that he liked exercise for exercise's sake, but as I came to know him better, I changed my mind. There was, as I have said, that queer look in his eyes. When I realized that there was something unusual about his passion for physical activity, I tried to solve the puzzle, simply because I was fascinated by it. I can't explain why, except that such violent activity and a Percy Shelley face didn't seem to go together properly. I thought, Would a man behave like Peake if he knew that he had an incurable disease? Would he go to fantastic lengths to convince people that he was really healthy? But this didn't make sense at all. Robert Peake wasn't showing off; he wasn't playing to the gallery. I became convinced that he didn't care two cents whether people were watching him or not.

This automatically ruled out any explanation so obvious as that Peake was trying to "compensate," to use the lingo of the psychologists, for his rather frail appearance. Although he was little, he was not a strutting bantam. There was no suggestion of Napoleon. Robert Peake apparently acted as he did for a very different reason.

Speaking of psychologists, I have known several who, I am sure, would have said that Peake must be sexually frustrated and that this would account for everything. It wouldn't. As I said earlier, the ladies went for him, and not all of them were purely maternal by any means. From all I could learn, he had always had what might be called an interesting love life. All the years I knew him his choice was a lady who had divorced a C.B.S. announcer and then settled down to a respectable life in the Wilton hills.

I FIRST met Peake in 1936. It was not until the late fall of 1940 that I really understood the man. Again, somebody in his foursome couldn't play and I was asked to substitute. We played eighteen holes. Then the other two men begged off, saying they had to get home for midday dinners and house guests, and Peake and I played another eighteen holes. He was terrifically good.

We had lunch—double lamb chops, lamb kidneys wrapped in bacon, mushrooms, green beans, succotash, the club salad with garlic, cherry pie à la mode, and coffee.

"How about some tennis?" the little fellow said.

"I couldn't," I said. "I'm too tired."

"I can probably find somebody around the clubhouse," he said, beginning to appraise the other men in the grillroom. "It's always easy to find somebody who doesn't want to play for more than an hour. I've got to go home in about an hour and cut a little wood for the fireplace. We keep a fire in the fireplace most of the winter, and so far I've cut only—oh, say half a cord."

The eyes again. They had a hungry look. The mouth was taut. Then I understood, without making any effort to. This man with the little body generated more energy than he could use in sports, in business, in anything, literally anything, he did.

I had heard him in church singing "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty" in a tenor voice capable of the volume that a Gilbert and Sullivan tenor should have but seldom does. It was a terrible vitality, in a way. The strength of Paul Bunyan locked in a tiny frame and never able to make its way out except in such little forms of release as a few consecutive hours of furious activity. It wasn't love of the sport that made him smash at a ball or gyrate with a bunch of tumblers. It was a different kind of compulsion.

I was in the parking lot, getting my car.

"I can't find anybody to play tennis,"

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he said, out of breath from sprinting across the cinder lot. "You haven't an engagement or anything, have you? After all, it's only for an hour."

I played tennis with him for an hour.

"That was swell," he said afterward. "It was swell of you to do it. Now I've got to get back to the house. Ed Bellew is coming over at three-thirty and we're going to cut wood together. Ed wasn't especially crazy about the idea. It took an awful lot of persuading. But I've got this new two-handed saw." He said something about hoping we could have some more tennis sometime, and departed.

ABOUT a year later my wife and I were having a buffet supper at somebody's house. It was December 7, 1941. Robert Peake was there, too. People were eating mechanically and listening to the radio and each new bulletin on the appalling news.

"I'm glad," Peake said. "I'm glad!" His face glowed.

I recall our host and hostess saying something about it being the end of an era and my wife slipping her hand in mine in a gesture of love and faith and courage.

"I'm glad!" Robert said.

Some of the people were shocked, but it seemed to me that the man had been made for the hour, and the hour for the man. —JAMES REID PARKER

•

On the rare occasions when you might catch her at home, surrounded by two giant greyhounds and a bouvier de flandres, she is usually in her favorite costume: blue denim shoes. Looks amazingly like a little girl.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

That's rather a blessing.

•

Mr. K—— never married. He was a member of the Church of Christ, but in later years, due to his illness, did not take an active part in church affairs.

Surviving are two sons, three grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

—*Nashville Tennessean.*

A man can't be in church *all* the time.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From "Introduction to Psychology," by Boring, Langfeld, and Weld*]

Our present pleasures fade before still greater ones; nor do the still greater ones remain "still greater," but become simply the maximum of which the particular person is capable. This is one of the reasons why wealth does not assure happiness.

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NOTES ON SPORTS

Fourth Man in the Ring

THE fights at Madison Square Garden on the last two Friday nights were both short and both good to watch, but there the likeness ended. In the first, in which Tami Mauriello knocked out Lou Nova and laid a strong claim to the title, often omitted from the record books, of Best Heavyweight Not in Uniform at the Moment, the boys hit each other frequently but not very robustly, and when Nova fell down and stayed down in the sixth round, there was a good deal of speculation as to what his trouble was. The blows that had landed on him shortly before hadn't seemed proportionate to the degree of agony and alarm he was registering. As he settled on the floor, very prone, he covered his head with his hands as though to protect himself from flying splinters. It was later revealed that one of his ribs was broken and another dislocated in some mysterious way, and this news supported the theory advanced by scholars that Nova is haunted. Some unseen force not only trips him up and breaks his bones but whispers in his ear while he is still on his feet to pay no heed to his handlers' instructions. When he is told to stay away and jab, the orders are somehow countermanded, and he goes in and punches from the elbow. Furthermore, his feet have always appeared to be out of touch with his brain, giving rise to the notion that his lines of communication have been tampered with. His right foot drags, and his left foot is constantly having to go back and get it.

The fight on the following Friday, between Beau Jack and Tippy Larkin for the lightweight championship, was even shorter, but the blows landed were consistently solid and the right uppercut with which Jack scored his knockout was visible from Columbus Circle. Jack, incidentally, is the fondest man of an uppercut since Fred Apostoli and certainly one of the fondest for his small stature since about anybody. In an age of hooks and jabs it was refreshing to see the old punch that anybody in Hollywood knows is top in box-office appeal.

THE basketball doubleheader in the Garden last Saturday, which brought St. John's and Oklahoma together and N.Y.U. and Syracuse, was notable chiefly for the unveiling of Harry Boykoff, St. John's' six-foot-nine-inch centre. In the past few years, during which basketball has climbed to a lofty position as a money-maker, there has been a flood into the sport of lofty players, averaging well over two yards in height. By now, though, the ones whose size is their only recommendation have begun to disappear, leaving only such phenomena as Boykoff, who can not only outreach everybody on the court but also handle himself and the ball as well as any of them. He was the high scorer of the evening Saturday, making eighteen of his team's winning total of fifty-one points. A couple of his baskets were achieved, it is true, by getting above the target and dropping the ball through with about as much chance of error as a man has of missing a subway turnstile slot with a nickel. However, one of his most effective teammates, a certain Hy Gotkin, can't be more than five seven, proving that size isn't everything, or possibly that you're only as old as you feel.

One way or another, the practice of importing teams from all over the map to play in the Garden seems to be going on in spite of transportation troubles. Among the visitors this coming week will be Washington State, Oregon State, Southern California, and Kansas. Colorado found it wouldn't be able to keep a date this Saturday, but its substitute will be Tennessee, which can't be planning to come by scooter.

RECENT Weather Bureau reports for skiers were that conditions were fine in New York State. Lake Placid, for instance, had four inches fluffy on ten breakable. Skiers are dreaming of a white Christmas—six inches new packed powder on a ten-inch frozen base.

—D. L.

•

Question 166. What official privileges, if any, are extended to an ex-President?

Answer. An ex-President is by law entitled to receive one copy of the Daily Congressional Record, and to the use of the Library of Congress.—*From "Our American Government," 77th Cong., 1st Sess., House Doc. No. 210:1941.*

And of course there are movies he can go to, and stuff like that.

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OF ALL THINGS

THE Red Army's new offensive made rapid progress over the weekend. Wishful thinkers like to believe that Stalin intends to come through and open a western front.

•

Joseph Goebbels has never told his people that Rommel was soundly trounced in Africa. It seems that only soft, decadent democracies can stand bad news.

•

The Germans have sent propaganda agents to Norway to cheer up the Nazis stationed there. The conquerors in that country appear to be suffering from depression, melancholia, and a tendency to jump into fiords.

•

Admiral Darlan says he acted the way he did in France because the Germans had him by the throat. He can speak for liberty now that he has cleared his throat.

•

Pierre Laval's motorcar tipped over in an accident near Paris, but he escaped without injury. Yet we were given to understand that the tide had turned.

•

The Seventy-seventh Congress was in session more days than any other in our history. It also levied more necessary taxes and uttered more unnecessary words.

•

The future of our motorists does not look too bright. It is hoped, however, that the government will let enough of them live to perpetuate the species.

•

At this writing it is rumored that Senator Prentiss M. Brown, a Democratic senator from Michigan, will be Leon Henderson's successor as Price Administrator. If the President had wanted to play politics, he would have wished this thankless job on some good Republican.

•

Everything seems to work together for good these days. There is an acute shortage of alarm clocks just at the time when it is too cold to get out of bed.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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•

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TOKIO CHRISTMAS

THE day of Pearl Harbor, I was given a number, No. 867, and put away in a five-and-a-half-by-nine-foot cell in Sugamo Prison, which the Japanese blandly describe as the Tokio Kochisho, or Tokio Retaining Place. In May, at which time I was still in Sugamo, I was tried and found guilty of sending to the Associated Press, in my capacity as correspondent, stories which, according to the very flattering judge, were "detrimental to Japan's diplomacy." I was sentenced to serve eighteen months, but the sentence was suspended when the United States government insisted that all correspondents be included in the first exchange of nationals, and actually I got out of Sugamo in June, when I was removed to the comparative freedom of an internment camp and then shipped off to New York on the Gripsholm, so my total stay there was six months. Six months in a Tokio retaining place can be tedious.

My cell had cement walls and one tiny barred window. The furnishings were a bed, a washbowl, a toilet, a broom, and two *tatami*, or rice-straw mats. I wasn't permitted to sit or lie on the bed until bedtime, and if I wanted to sit down, I had to sit on the floor or on the toilet. Mostly, I chose the latter. Each day I was awakened at five o'clock. Then I had to sweep my cell and make my bed. At six-thirty a guard brought in breakfast, at eleven o'clock lunch, and at three o'clock supper, all three meals invariably consisting of a bowl of warm water, a bowl of seaweed or turnip-top soup, and a cup of cold boiled rice and barley, mixed. At four o'clock the door of the cell was double-locked for the night, and a little later a bell rang, the signal for prisoners to go to bed. The electric light in the cell was turned on and left on throughout the night, shining down on my face. The temperature in the cell was almost always below freezing; I was sure of that because the water in the basin placed under the defective drain of my washbowl almost always had a coating of ice. It was only in bed that I had any chance of thawing out, if not precisely of getting warm. I spent a good part of my day, therefore, looking forward to four o'clock.

I HAD been in Sugamo just a few days when I made the unJapanese mistake of trying to keep my feet warm. The Japanese always slip off their shoes before stepping on their *tatami*, and they expect others to do the same. I was more interested in not freezing my feet than in observing this picturesque custom, and often, in crossing my cell, I walked over my *tatami* without removing my shoes. Once, as I was committing this desecration, a gold-toothed guard, padding through the corridor on an inspection tour, caught me. "*Damé*," he growled as he entered the cell. That means "bad." Obviously pleased with the result of his expedition down the drafty corridor, he ordered me to take off my shoes, grabbed them, and departed. I didn't get them back until four months later. In the meantime I had to walk around in my socks. The only advantage of this was that it gave me one more thing to do to occupy my time. In an effort to warm my feet, I could spend many hours sitting on the toilet, wiggling my toes.

Otherwise, I had two principal ways of killing time. One was to count the branches on a pine tree that I could see from my window. My count varied between a hundred and fifty and two hundred and was never the same twice in succession. To see the tree at all, however, I had first to kneel on the toilet in an especially awkward position, then push open one side of a frosted-glass panel at the bottom of the window, twist my neck, and peer out with my head way on one side. I was able to frame the entire tree in the small triangle formed by the opening in the window. My other principal occupation was trying to recite the names of the forty-eight states. I kept track of my progress by means of

"Now let me see—champagne goes about three inches to the right of the knife, doesn't it?"

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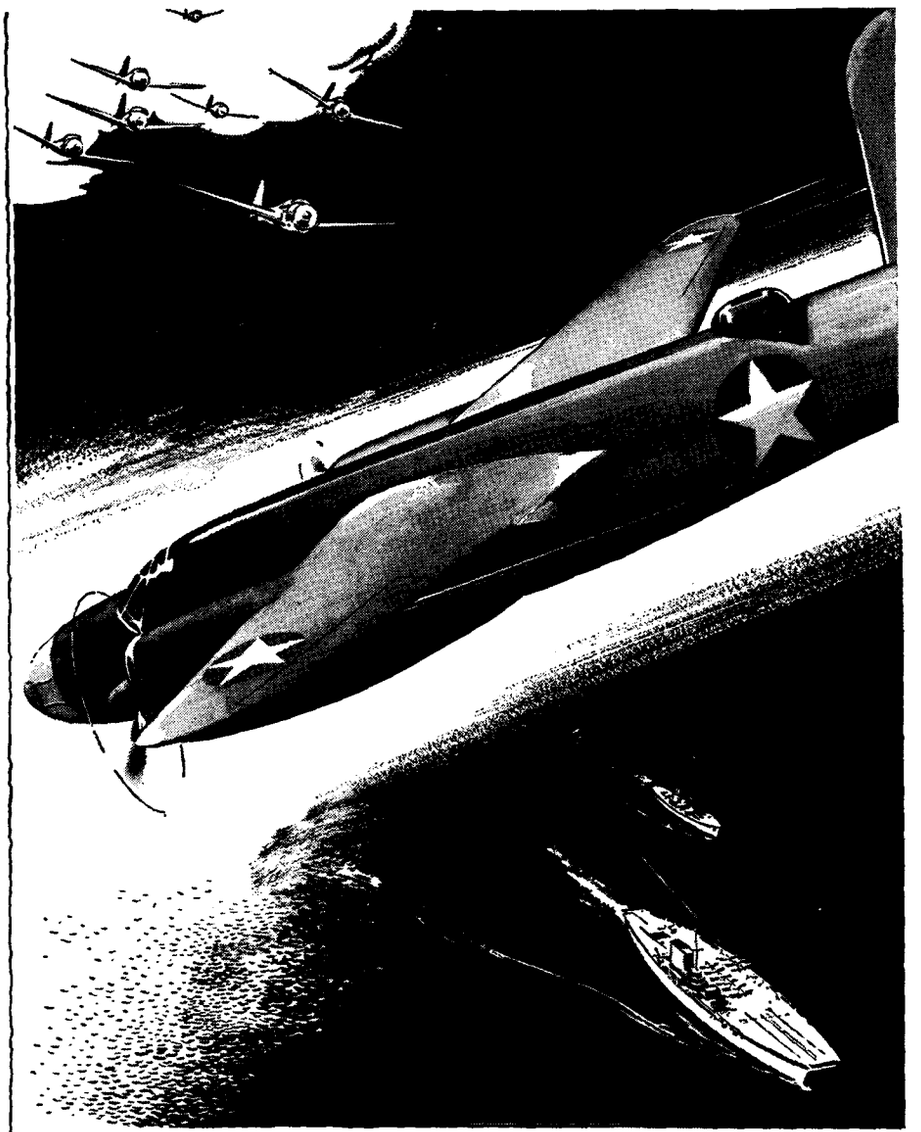
nine counters I had made by breaking up a straw pulled from my broom. For three solid months my total was always forty-seven states, no matter what part of the continent I started with. In my mind I could see the Atlantic coast plainly, so I usually started with the Atlantic states, then moved west by tiers of states, tracing an imaginary map on the wall with my finger. But sometimes I would try a name-by-name cruise through the Great Lakes, or take off from the Pacific Northwest. Whichever gambit I used, the total remained forty-seven. The missing state became an obsession. It disturbed me more than the gold-toothed guard, who always smelled of tobacco and made me long for a cigarette—even a Japanese cigarette, which tastes like the stale hay I smoked as a boy. At the end of the three months the forty-eighth state emerged from the back of my head. It was Mississippi. I felt that remembering it called for some celebration, and drank a toast to Mississippi in cold water.

The acoustics in Sugamo were uncanny. I couldn't even whisper to myself without bringing the guard all the way down from his station at the far end of the corridor to investigate. My counting the branches on the pine tree or naming the states never did get much of a rise out of him, but on one occasion, early in my stay, I did something that really seemed to worry him. It was when I first happened to think of the fact that Christmas was coming. It was the fifteenth of December. Why, I thought, there are only seven more shopping days till Christmas, and I started to laugh. The guard came trotting down to my cell and walked in to see what was up. He found me still laughing. It was no use trying to explain to him what was so funny, and I didn't say anything. He stood for a while, looking at me with a puzzled expression, then glumly walked away.

MY seventeenth day in prison was the day before Christmas. It was particularly cold and particularly gloomy. My household chores were finished early and I couldn't even amuse myself by counting the branches of the tree, for it had snowed the night before and the fluffy flakes obscured their outlines. I spent most of the day sitting on the toilet, wiggling my toes. As usual, I was in bed shortly after four P.M., long before it was technically Christmas Eve. After I had been asleep for about two hours, I heard the clanking of a key in my lock. I sat up. The door creaked open and the gold-toothed guard walked



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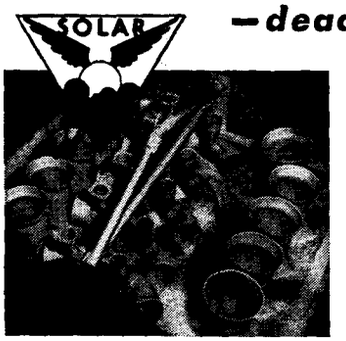

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in. He was grinning and carrying a cardboard box about the size of a hatbox. He took the lid off and peeked inside. Coming over to my bed, he bowed low, said, "*Dozo*" ("Please"), and shoved the box into my hands. Inside was an oddly shaped object wrapped in tissue paper. Mighty nice of them, I thought, and I said, "*Dom-arigato*" ("Thank you very much"). I pulled off the tissue paper. Underneath was an artificial Christmas tree about a foot high and set in a little white tub; its stiff green branches were flecked with artificial snow, which glittered in the electric light. Scattered through the package were bits of tinsel and a number of ornaments—a small silver heart, a miniature Santa Claus, a star.

"*Ano-ne*" ("By the way"), the guard said hesitantly. Then, handing me a small slip of white paper, he explained that the tree had been sent to me by the prison officials and that he needed my chop, or mark, on the slip to make it proper for them to take the money for the tree from the cash of mine they had in safekeeping. The tree would cost me, I learned, two yen, or about fifty cents. I put my chop on the slip. I felt sure that the guard had no idea what Christmas was. Where, I nevertheless asked him, did the officials get the tree? It was one of hundreds, he answered, that had been made long ago by prisoners to sell in the United States. I assumed that the war had put an end to that business, and evidently I was the best prospect they had left, maybe the only one.

The guard left me, slamming the door. I got out of bed and knelt down on one of the mats. I set the tree in a corner of the cell and took the ornaments and tinsel out of the box. "Merry Christmas," I said to myself, and began to hang the ornaments and drape the tinsel on the tree. —MAX HILL

•

RULE OF THREE

What is meant by the "rule of three"?

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This is an application of doctrine of proportion to arithmetical purposes wherein a fourth proportion to three given numbers may be determined—a number to which the third bears the same ratio as the first does to the second. This rule has two divisions simple and compound: simple is the equality of the ratio of two quantities to that of two other quantities and compound is the equality of the ratio of two quantities to another ratio, the antecedent and consequent of which are respectively the products of the antecedents and consequent of two or more ratios.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

O.K. What's the rule of *four?*

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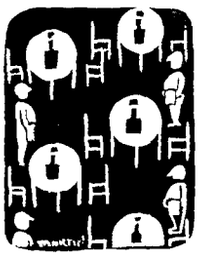
TABLES FOR TWO

The Ivy League

FOR those who have to have an ice show once in a while, there's always the Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, which has been catering to this recognized need for close to ten years now. The master of ceremonies of the current edition is a certain Bob Russell, who does a little singing, recites a few jokes, and introduces the skating numbers, most of which are based on a sort of Arabian Nights theme. This is a typical ice-show motif in that it is as alien as possible to the sport of skating. As usual, chorus girls coast around on runners, which nothing else they are wearing seems to match. In this case they are dressed up in filmy pantaloons of the style generally associated with harems. Children who have just read "Hans Brinker" and have been led to believe that the Dutch are the people who travel on skates will be confused by the show in the Terrace Room, especially if they have also read "A Thousand Nights and a Night" and don't recall any mention of its characters' wearing hardware on their feet. This is presumably a risk night-club operators are willing to run. Anyway, children, as well as their betters, may be appeased by the performances of Adele Inge and Ronnie Roberts, the featured artists, who do some spectacular stunting that has no foreign tieups.



The music at the New Yorker is still supplied by Benny Goodman, who might be said to be in his middle period. Appearances at Carnegie Hall and other cultural centres have marked his transition from the rowdy stage and mellowed him, at least in the eyes of his followers, who are no longer given to tearing off his buttons for souvenirs. Not that Goodman has lost touch with swing; that may come later, when his first name is listed as Benjamin on concert programs. His platform manner even now, though, is more sedate than it used to be.

THE Astor Roof, which offers Jan Savitt and his orchestra, is one of the strongholds of swing by mass production. The band there is always big, and there is enough room on the floor for the jittering of many bugs. Mr. Savitt's music sometimes goes out over the air at around 11:30, and on those evenings you may observe that the maestro is a little detached until the zero hour approaches. At that point there is an intermission while he gives the boys a pep talk and they tune their instruments up from whatever pitch the customers have been getting along with to something worthy of a coast-to-coast clientele. When the hour strikes, you may be sure that for the next fifteen minutes Jan Savitt and his orchestra will be giving their all.

The Astor Roof announced a while back that it was going to install waitresses as a consequence of the manpower shortage. There are scattered evidences of this alteration, but the service staff is still mostly trousered, in case you have a sharp bias on the subject.

ANOTHER incrusted institution is maintained at the Roosevelt, where Guy Lombardo, the saxophone's friend, plays nightly and members of Arthur Murray's faculty hold dancing contests for the guests. This is naturally a successful form of audience participation, since dancing is an art that very few amateurs care to undertake purely for exhibition purposes, and consequently the majority of the audience, which doesn't participate, has a fine time at the expense of the minority that does. Many of the contestants these evenings are members of the armed forces, who have been trained to expose themselves to even more rigorous hardships than this, and the winning male is apt to be a soldier or sailor who has pulled through by sheer reckless abandon. His reward is a bottle of champagne, while the runner-up gets a meal on the house, a distribution based on a rather rakish point of view but probably well thought out.

IT becomes clear on comparing the respective clienteles of Café Society Uptown and, say, the Astor Roof that there is swing and swing. Mr. Savitt's supporters are young and active. They are there not to see a floor show but to give one. They listen to the music, yes, but mostly to catch the beat which will guide them in the kicks, twirls, and bounces of modern terpsichore. At Café Society, the audience is more mature and less vigorous. It does a certain amount of dancing between shows, but it is most at home while sitting down and listening to Teddy Wilson's band or Hazel Scott's piano. Listening to swing is no longer necessarily a young man's game. Of course, a certain number of Café Society customers don't know whether it's jazz hot that's being played or Gilbert and Sullivan, since they are busy telling each other anecdotes at well above a whisper. The place has long been noteworthy for a sort of audience participation that is more the audience's idea than the management's.

In addition to the instrumentalists, Uptown has Zero Mostel, back from pilgrimages to such shrines as Broadway and Hollywood, which are visited as often as possible by devout young comics. His material has undergone no radical revisions. He still gives a sort of loose interpretation of Jimmy Durante, which is his best bit, and a speech by an imaginary isolationist senator, which is perhaps his second best. Most of his stuff, furthermore, still demonstrates that he shares with the rest of his trade the lovable characteristic of being willing to fly blind, without any clear idea of when he is being funny.

RIOBAMBA is a new East Side spot which is presumably named after the town in the Province of Chimborazo in Ecuador. This northern offshoot has Jane Froman, who sings a couple of specialties that indicate she has uncovered a good lyric-writer; Romo Vincent, who sings a couple that don't indicate anything; Nat Brandwynne's orchestra; and other features copied from everyday South American life.

—D.E.L.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Tang and Maestri

KAROL SZYMANOWSKI's Symphonie Concertante for piano and orchestra is some ten years old, but as it didn't arrive in New York until last week, when it was introduced to Carnegie Hall by Artur Rubinstein and the Philadelphia Orchestra, it belongs in the novelty classification. The *symphonie* turned out to be a welcome novelty, because it is effective music, serving up folk-songy tunes with heaps of seasoning. As some of the advertising people like to say, it's tangy. Mr. Rubinstein and the orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy, sprang the tang triumphantly.

The orchestra, Mr. Rubinstein, and Mr. Ormandy also participated in a performance of Grieg's piano concerto, which wound up the evening. The popular Grieg work, once noted for its own tang, seemed a little prim and somewhat dated on the same bill with the Szymanowski offering. This doesn't mean, however, that the Grieg concerto is going into retirement. It has the sort of melodies that keep rolling.

More piano music appeared at Dimitri Mitropoulos's first concert this season with the Philharmonic-Symphony, the pianist being Sergei Rachmaninoff, who played his own rhapsody on a theme by Paganini. The rhapsody hasn't the quick appeal of the first, second, or third Rachmaninoff piano concerto, but it has substance and brilliance. Add to these qualities Mr. Rachmaninoff's super pianism and the alert and forceful conducting of Mr. Mitropoulos, and you have a success. The rhapsody had, last week.

Mr. Mitropoulos also presented Mr. Rachmaninoff's Symphonic Dances for Orchestra, three somewhat austere items that stand up well on repetition. A novelty for local patrons was the conductor's own orchestral setting of Bach's organ prelude and fugue in B minor. The setting seemed well devised, but the conductor conducted it too furiously, I thought. The eloquence spilled over into oratory.

THE chronicle of the Metropolitan this season is something of a conductors' story, which is O.K., too, because often it's the man in the pit who makes the big difference. Bruno Walter added to his Metropolitan holdings "The Marriage of Figaro," accompanying the recitatives at the piano as well as directing. It was a graceful, unified performance, and it "went," except when Mr. Walter dwelt at length on a few leisurely passages. The principal cast change from previous showings was the appearance of Eleanor Steber as the Countess. Miss Steber got no better than a draw on her first aria. After that she was not only pleasant to hear but dramatically interesting, playing the comedy neatly. Looked swell, too.

Mention of a conductor who doubles at the piano reminds me of Paul Breisach, who conducted and played for the revival of "La Serva Padrona," which was the curtain-raiser for the "Salome" revival. Mr. Breisach was good and the cast was good, but I don't think this opera is good as entertainment, however historically important it may be, and I forgot it entirely after "Salome," which, you may recall, was a super-special.

The conductor of "Salome," George Szell, took on the Metropolitan's first "Tannhäuser" of the season and duplicated the fine impression he had made with "Salome." One of Mr. Szell's great assets seems to be something that is known as pulse or pace. This is an all-over effect of movement rather than a predilection for speed. He treated "Tannhäuser," which has its gabby moments, to a consistently stimulating afternoon. Cesare Sodero, who directed "Tosca," also brought home an outstanding session of conducting. By the way (although this isn't at all incidental), Grace Moore's characterization has become much more integrated than it was when first seen. The Metropolitan "Tosca" is excellent melodrama—as "Tosca" ought to be.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

CONCERT RECORDS

Seasonal

NIGHT-BEFORE-CHRISTMAS record-shoppers and day-after-Christmas record-exchangers will find it convenient to look at some of the recent releases. In addition to being newcomers to the lists, these discs are likely to be in stock or at any rate easily obtainable, and that isn't a theoretical consideration at the moment, either.

Victor, with no regular December releases this year (it has recently been devoting its attention to building up supplies of albums previously issued), has sent out, as a special, a new recording of Beethoven's fourth piano concerto,

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played by Artur Schnabel with the Chicago Symphony (Victor DM-930). It was conducted by the late Dr. Frederick Stock, and the album brings to memory this fine musician and his many services to his art. Mr. Schnabel's playing is superb.

Beethoven is represented on Columbia's list with a new issue of the eighth symphony, played by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, with Bruno Walter conducting (M-525). There are many ways of interpreting the eighth, and Mr. Walter's might be described as friendly and comfortable, with enough vivacity when occasion requires it.

THE increasing roster of recordings by Fritz Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony receives an imposing boost with the issue of Strauss's "Don Quixote," for which Gregor Piatigorsky is the solo 'cellist (Columbia M-506). Here you may observe many angles of Mr. Reiner's abilities. This composition stands up more satisfactorily than some of the more pompous Strauss productions, and Mr. Reiner lets you hear its ingenuities and its emotion. Mr. Piatigorsky takes care of his assignment masterfully, and the whole affair makes good listening.

Of course, everything mentioned up to now has been recorded previously, and that goes, too, for the next entry—Ravel's second "Daphnis et Chloé" suite, which now appears under the direction of Artur Rodzinski, conducting the Cleveland Orchestra (Columbia X-230). This is a sturdy, straightforward presentation, though some might prefer a more supple treatment. The sound is all right in any case.

For an exceptional single, there is a doubling of Brahms' second Hungarian dance and Rimski-Korsakov's "Flight of the Bumble Bee" (Columbia 17352-D), played by Nathan Milstein, with Artur Balsam at the piano. (So far the Arturs have had all the attention, but now there is an Arthur involved—Arthur Hartmann, the excellent arranger of the Rimski-Korsakov excerpt.) Mr. Milstein turns both items loose bril-

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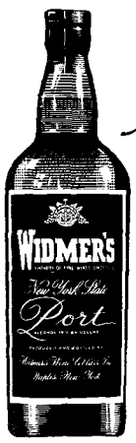

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liantly, and the fiddle recording is first-rate.

PERHAPS you've sent records to servicemen for Christmas, either directly or through agencies that distribute discs to men in camps and elsewhere. Keep on sending. Records are always welcome (this will be no news to those who have heard from recipients in camps), and you might care to make a practice of sending some at fairly regular intervals. You may want to send items from your own collection, and you may be certain that anything you enjoy hearing will bring pleasure to others. Bach, Berlioz, Boogie-Woogie—somewhere there's someone waiting for every type of music. In fact, there's only one sort of record that oughtn't to be sent: a worn-out one.

If you're planning to send discs from your own collection and aren't an old hand with cardboard and wrapping paper, you'd do well to get some expert to assist you. Probably the people at the place where you usually buy records will help out at no great expense. Amateur packing is likely to result in broken records, and isn't much fun either for the packer or the fellow who receives his discs in fragments. —R. A. S.

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CORRECTION!!

Please note the following corrections in the "Treasury Star Parade" schedule for New York stations, week of November 22-28:

Sunday, Nov. 22

3:00 P.M. WLIB: KILL "Claudia," talk by Mrs. Morgenthau. INSERT "A Letter to Hitler," with Helen Hayes.

8:45 P.M. WBNX: KILL "Claudia." INSERT "A Letter to Hitler."

9:15 P.M. WEVD: KILL "Claudia." INSERT "A Letter to Hitler."

Tuesday, Nov. 24

1:45 P.M. WBNX: KILL "A Letter to Hitler." INSERT "Claudia."

3:00 P.M. WLIB: KILL "A Letter to Hitler." INSERT "Claudia."

Thursday, Nov. 26

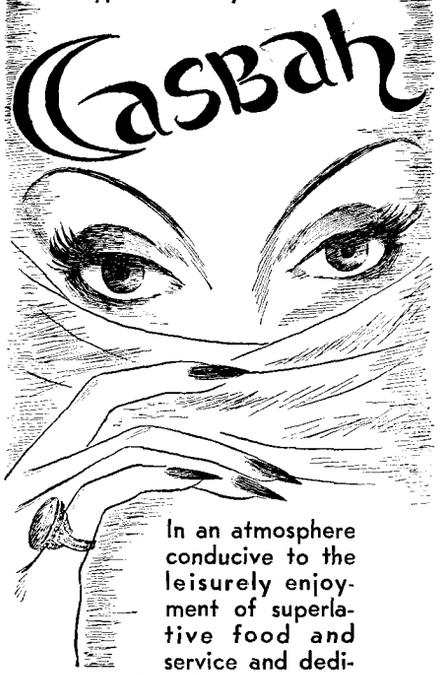
10:30 P.M. WEVD: KILL "A Letter to Hitler." INSERT (to be announced.)

—Bulletin from the Treasury Department.

We always used to think the Treasury Department was where the money was kept.

Introducing the ultimate in Supper Club Luxury to America!

Casbah



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A LICENSE TO PAINT

A WARM, bright Sunday struck the city in mid-December, but only a few people thought of going to the little park. However, an artist in a corduroy hat had hopefully set up his easel on the square made by the intersection of two walks. A large sign on the easel read, "Arthur V. Granger —Chalk Portraits—Full Length Profile 50c—Full View $1.00." While he waited for customers, he improved his time by making an oil painting of a large oak tree and some sumacs. His approach to his subject matter had plainly been influenced by the Christmas-card school, for he had arbitrarily covered the ground and the branches of his oak and sumacs with snow and had spotted, in the very centre, a snow-covered cottage. The progress of this work was noted by the large policeman who paced the walks of the park and who glanced at the painting for a moment each time he passed. The artist's hands were old and knotted, but they had an intense, birdlike quickness. His mouth was seamed with a perpetual, archaic smile, self-conscious and apologetic.

Two men who had been sitting on a nearby bench finally sauntered over and stood behind the easel. They stared at the painting and at the rapid motions of the artist's hands for several minutes, saying nothing. Both men were short. One was fat, with a red, blue-veined face; the other was dark-skinned and sombre-looking, with two scars across his chin. Finally the stouter man spoke.

"You painting them trees over there?" he said to the artist.

The archaic smile of the artist widened, politely and apologetically. "Yes," he said. The shuttling of his hands stopped for a moment and he blinked at the man who had spoken. "Well, perhaps I'm not painting them so much as I'm trying to improve them with a little paint," he said. His voice was high and strung tight, and he giggled at his remark. The stout man seemed flattered by the explanation, for he began to nod his head up and down in approval.

AFTER a while a man and a woman, walking hand in hand, entered the square. When they saw the sign on the easel, the man said something to the woman, and she smiled at him and shrugged her shoulders. Then they walked over to the artist. They were both about forty-five. The woman had leathery skin and gray hair. She wore a cheap, red felt hat with a wide brim, and a green checked coat with a muskrat collar. She was taller than the man and much larger. He wore a tight-fitting blue serge suit and his heels were built up so that he strutted, aggressively upright, as he moved. He led the woman directly to the artist and spoke without preliminaries.

"I want a fifty-cent picture of my wife," he said. His voice was challenging and loud, as though he expected to be refused.

The artist stood up at once, picked up the campstool he had been sitting on, and placed it in front of the easel. "You can sit here," he said to the woman. He put the oil painting he had been doing face up on the ground, placed a piece of heavy paper on the easel, and took a package of colored chalks from his pocket. "Please sit down sideways," he said to the woman, and when she did so, he said, "That's fine." Then he took the chalk from the box and started work.

The portrait took about ten minutes to complete, the artist finishing in a great flourish of strokes. "Done," he said, and brushed his hands together and blinked rapidly. The woman glanced at her husband inquiringly, and he walked over to her.

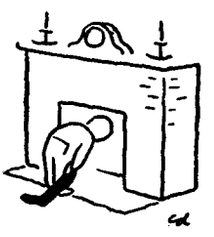
"Well," the husband said, "let's take a look at the thing."

At this remark the artist picked up the drawing and held it before him. The portrait he displayed was a colored chalk profile of a young blonde woman. The artist had made an attempt at verisimilitude by indicating a green checked coat and giving her a red hat, but the flesh was a pink-white blush and the head arched imperiously on a too slender, too long neck. The resemblance of the face of the portrait to that of the actual model was less than the resemblance a beautiful young girl would bear to her aging mother.

For a moment the husband looked at the picture in blank astonishment. His eyes shifted to the artist's face and then came back to the picture.

"What's this supposed to be—a joke?" he asked harshly.

The artist looked puzzled. "A joke?" he said, blinking. "Look, I've been painting people in this park all summer, just like I painted that picture, and I haven't had any complaints. What's the matter with the picture?" His voice struggled to be reasonable and even, but his face was pale.



"I'll tell you what's the matter with it," the husband said loudly. "I'll tell you it's lousy, that's what. You were supposed to do a picture of *her*." He nodded at his wife, then gestured to the picture. "This ain't no picture of her. This ain't no picture of nobody, no place."

The artist looked about him and, seeing the policeman nearing the square, he gained courage. "If that's your complaint," he said, "you don't have to take the picture. If you don't want it, you don't have to have it."

The policeman, who had been sizing up the difficulty as he approached, apparently gauged the trouble to come from the little man with the built-up heels because of the loudness of his voice. "What's the matter, bud?" he said as he came up to the group.

The man pointed at the artist. "This guy says he's going to paint my wife's picture and he paints that." He pointed at the drawing. "It's not even her."

"Take it easy," said the cop. "Take it easy." He turned to the artist, who said nothing but gestured at the picture. The policeman looked at it for a moment; then he turned to the woman's husband. "Is this what you're kicking about?" he said.

"Yah," said the man, "that's it. That's not my wife."

The cop looked speculatively at the man for a full minute; then he looked at the picture again. "It looks all right to me," he said. "What's wrong with that for a picture?"

The man was cowed now and his voice was sullen. "All I said is that ain't no picture of my wife."

The cop said nothing more but stood there staring at the little man, his face complacent and bored, as though the man were an idiot.

But now the artist had a sudden switch of feeling, rage at his humiliation supplanting his fear. He seized a piece of black chalk from the easel and rapidly made two X's across the face of the woman he had drawn on the paper. "All this trouble for fifty cents!" he shouted. "Why does he have to make all this trouble?"

The two watchers, the policeman, and the man and wife looked at the defaced picture and then at the artist, stunned. For seconds nobody spoke; then the cop switched his whole attention to the artist, the destruction of the artist's own property outraging his deep-

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est instincts. "Hey," he said. "What in hell are you trying to do?"

Obviously he now held the artist in the same contempt he had felt for the little man.

"What are you doing selling pictures here anyways?" he said.

The artist looked uneasy. "I've been doing it here all summer," he said. "I just came out today because it was warm."

The cop's eyes narrowed and he swung his night stick. "You got a license for selling things?" he asked.

The artist's voice was low. "No, I never had a license for that," he said.

"Well, what you doing it for then?" said the cop. "You can't sell things without you have a license."

"I've always sold portraits here," the artist said.

"Oh, is that so?" said the cop. "Well, always ain't now. You get outta here and stay out."

He turned to the man and wife. "You two better get along, too," he said, but his voice was almost friendly to them.

BLINDLY the artist gathered his things together under his arm and started off. He did not put the picture of the woman under his arm, however, but held it in his hand, and on his way out of the square he walked directly to a trash basket and dropped the picture in, then trudged away. The cop kept his eye on him till he was well out of sight, then, with a glance at the two men who had watched the scene, resumed his official pacing.

The cop had gone no more than twenty yards when the fat onlooker walked over to the municipal wastebasket and pulled the picture out. "What in hell that guy want to throw this away for?" he said. "That's a good picture." Then, holding the picture of the handsome blonde woman in his hand and followed by his scar-faced friend, he walked rapidly out of the park.

—LEONARD WALLACE ROBINSON

•

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE DEPARTMENT

WHY DON'T THEY . . .
MAKE golf sets consisting of one club handle and a number of detachable heads, to save carrying a heavy golf bag around the course?—*American Magazine, December issue.*

ALL-IN-ONE GOLF CLUB—Actually a matched set of 9 clubs. Adjustable head notched and numbered corresponding to Clubs 1 to 9.—*Hammacher Schlemmer's adv. in The New Yorker, November 14.*

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

No-Conversation Piece

IN the picture "In Which We Serve," written, produced, directed, and acted in by Noel Coward, it is evident that hitching himself, for better or for worse, to so grim a subject as the history of a destroyer has had a salutary effect on the eminent English Jack-of-all-theatrical-trades. The story of H.M.S. Torrin, an imaginary British warship, offered him no opportunities for dialogue with two and three meanings or song lyrics with four- and five-syllable rhymes. The Torrin, with Coward as its captain, sees action in the North Atlantic, at Dunkerque, and off Crete, where conversation is confined to essentials. Between assignments the men get ashore for visits with their families that are also too hurried and tense to permit much complicated repartee. There are light moments in the film, but fortunately Mr. Coward has kept himself in hand and not represented the British tar as a sparkling epigrammatist, even when at play.

There will be American ears, of course, which will recoil at the almost nonexistent enunciation of some of the ship's company, the skipper's in particular. There may also be foreheads of all nationalities which will wrinkle in puzzlement at the first few of the several flashbacks that are employed throughout the picture. They're a little hard to get the hang of right away. Near the beginning you see Mr. Coward overboard and under water, and then the scene goes into a slow, wavy dissolve, making it difficult to determine whether he's in for another premature drowning, as in "The Scoundrel," or just starting to reminisce. These minor disorders, though, are more than offset by plenty of excitement and by consistently good acting. Bernard Miles, whose face, next to Mr. Coward's, is the most familiar in the cast, is fine as a chief petty officer with conservative views. Incidentally, the title of the picture was probably taken from the famous line "In which we serve who only stand and wait."

"THE BLACK SWAN," with Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara, and other notables, is also a sea story, but of an older style. It is adapted from the pirate novel by Rafael Sabatini and done up in the gaudiest Technicolor. Everybody's clothes have a glossy magnificence, including Mr. Power's on the few occasions when he is dressed. Most of the time he is stripped to the waist in the interests of free, piratical movement. At first this inelegance, coupled with his practice of cuffing a girl on the whiskers by way of demonstrating his esteem, repels Miss O'Hara, but she eventually grows less finicky and comes to look on him with unrestrained favor. She is the daughter of the Governor of the island of Jamaica, where the action of the picture takes place. Her father is deposed in favor of Captain Henry Morgan (Laird Cregar), who in turn runs into trouble with Captain Billy Leech (George Sanders), an old colleague who is miffed by Morgan's sudden taste for law and order. Mr. Power is still a third captain, James Waring, who runs afoul of Captains 1 and 2 but comes out on top. There is no lack of shooting, swordplay, drinking, or association with women in the film. It's not without a certain expensive appeal.

ONE of Frank Buck's animal trips, undertaken in this case by proxy, is the subject of "Jacaré." Mr. Buck acts as narrator and appears briefly on the screen at the start, but the fellow who actually goes down to Brazil and wrestles with the wild life is one James M. Dannaldson, who is apparently in the same line of business as the old bringer-back-alive himself. The usual fight promotion goes on. A water buffalo is matched with one of the cat family, a couple of ant-eaters are matched with each other, and Mr. Dannaldson goes a couple of fast rounds with an anaconda and an alligator.... The Embassy Newsreel people have come up with what may be the start of a new series, like "Kaltenborn Edits the News" or Tex McCrary does whatever he does, but possibly better than either of those. It's called "A Ringside Seat," and the man who talks to you is Waverley Root. The first installment is the inside story on Hess, in which one or two points about the lone paratrooper are cleared up. —DAVID LARDNER

•

I wish I could take a massage to every woman at home from a particular man she is thinking about.—*Boston Evening American.*

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BOOKS

The Peaceful Solomons

THE Japanese have supplied Caroline Mytinger's "Headhunting in the Solomon Islands" with a somewhat accidental interest. Miss Mytinger, a portrait painter, and her friend Margaret Warner, who played the ukulele, made a trip, apparently a couple of years or so before Pearl Harbor, to the islands around the Coral Sea. Their object was to "paint the portrait of a race of primitive Negroids living in the Southwest Pacific." They succeeded in doing this in spite of obstacles ranging from malaria to a volcanic eruption, and in Miss Mytinger's book you will find a number of not very pretty Melanesian faces looking out at you. But I suppose the faces painted will waylay the reader rather less than the places visited. Tulagi on Florida Island, Buin in Bougainville, Rabaul in New Britain are some of them.

The principal impression I drew from Miss Mytinger's amiable, intelligent, and not particularly important record is one that doubtless she did not intend. This impression is that, as soon as the war is over and the Japanese have been driven back to a few small islands where they may practice their paranoia on each other eternally, Melanesia should be left to the Melanesians. Miss Mytinger's humor, adaptability, and charm, all above the average, did not prevent me from getting the notion that the Melanesians, unlike the Polynesians, are a rather graceless and not overbright people who have not been in the least improved by the invasion of white missionaries and copra traders and who, for the benefit of all concerned, might better be left alone with their malaria, dysentery, black magic, "tropical ear," "sore leg," earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, ants, mosquitoes, sand flies, sharks, heat, and betel-nut jags.

Miss Mytinger and her companion took all this—and worse—in their stride. After all, they were uplifted by an artistic-scientific urge, whereas the white colonials seemed to be interested in nothing but a slightly repulsive product derived from shredded coconut. I suggest that our chemists find a substitute for copra. I suggest that we get the hell out of other peoples' island paradises and leave them alone with their yaws.

"Headhunting in the Solomon Islands," aside from the coincidental interest of its geography, is an intermittently amusing (when not a trifle nauseating) account of the impact made by a semi-primitive civilization on two highly civilized young Americans who were quite free from race snobbism. There's a certain amount of anthropological observation threaded through their comic misadventures, though so unsystematically arranged that I can hardly recommend the book to our servicemen as a helpful guide to the Solomon Islanders.

Miss Mytinger writes well, with a combination of bite and charm, but the constant intrusion of a rather specialized professional interest may dull her story's appeal for those who are not necessarily fascinated by the technique of painting portraits under almost impossible conditions.

THE recent death of Raoul de Roussy de Sales deprives our country and the France of tomorrow of a sensitive intelligence whose rare gifts

"Darling!"

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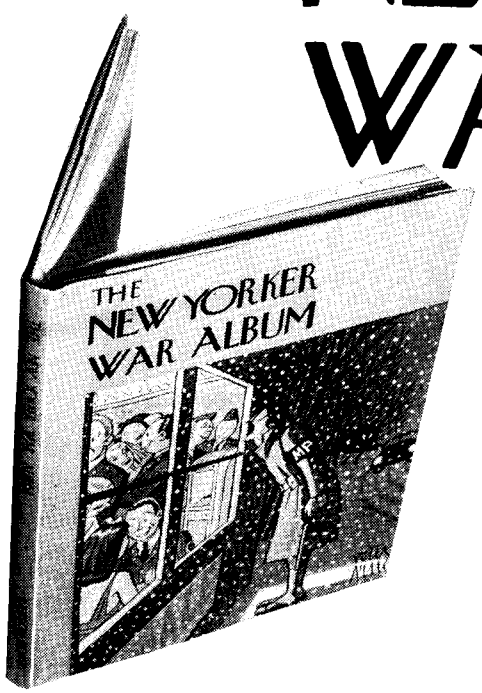

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would have been invaluable in the confused years lying ahead of us. He was more than a first-rate journalist; he was, in the magnificent tradition of De Tocqueville, an analyst of peoples. Before we commit an irreparable error that will surely lead to a third World War (in which the German submen will very probably be victorious), let us at least ponder the lucid message contained in Roussy de Sales's book, "The Making of Tomorrow," published some months ago. Here you will find a historical interpretation of the Germans that—to this reader, at least—makes sense. It attempts to demonstrate that the Nazis are merely the culmination of a millennium and a half of the German drive to enslave and torture others. It is a forcible and lucid presentation of the thesis that one of the many ways in which we can lose the war is to continue to insist thoughtlessly that our fight is only with Hitler.

A KINDLY correspondent, who must have sensed that I, like all reviewers, suffer, particularly at this season of the year, from a guilty conviction that I have not served my readers as well as I should have, got the bright idea of digging up some samples of book-reviewing as practiced in 1852. These samples I have read with deep satisfaction. They have convinced me that my tribe, whatever its shortcomings, has made some slight progress during the past ninety years. For those who feel otherwise, I reproduce these jewels, which appeared in *Godey's Lady's Book* during 1852:

From D. Appleton & Co. N.Y.

ULRIC; OR THE VOICES by T. S. Fay. We have not had time to examine minutely the plot, the beauties, or the deficiencies of this poem. We know the author to be a gentleman of considerable reputation as a poet, and these, we presume, have been fully sustained in the effort before us.

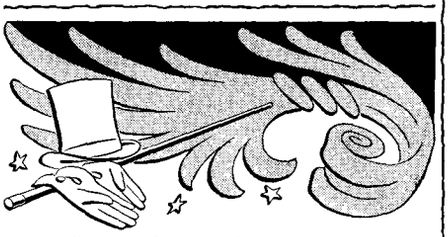
From Henderson & Co.

THE BIZARRE: A Serial for Fireside & Wayside. Conducted by Joseph M. Church. The editor of the "Bizarre" is not only universally known as a man of business, but universally esteemed for his rare and versatile literary attainments.

A LADY'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD: A Selected Translation by Ida Pfeifer. The author of this work, which abounds in agreeable descriptions, appears to be a woman of great modesty, as well as of great courage and superior genius.

From Lindsay & Blakiston.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN VERSE: From the Invasion of Julius Caesar to the Present Time. With illustrative notes, etc., etc. The author tells us that this work has been written in verse under the impression that the facts referred to will be more



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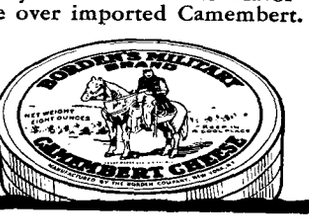

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readily retained in the memory than had they been written in prose. We hope that she will not be disappointed in her anticipation, her object being praiseworthy.

How're we doin', folks?

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A FOREST WORLD, by Felix Salten. The serene and humane mind of the author of "Bambi" reveals itself in another beautiful story of wild life of the forest. This time some characters who live in the peaceful security of the barnyard also come into the tale.

IT HAPPENED LIKE THIS, by A. S. M. Hutchinson. The plottings of a cheerful young architect to murder two wealthy little boys who are his wards. There are a number of other people involved, with stories of their own, which rather run off the tracks. In spite of the author's considerable efforts to create an atmosphere of suspense, the novel holds no surprises.

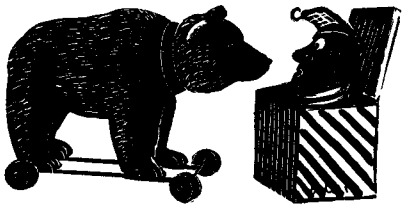
GENERAL

THE FIGHT FOR AIR POWER, by William Bradford Huie. The story of our military aviation since the last war. The author charges that our long-range offensive air power has been and is being slowed up by Army and Navy ground hogs. A sad story, much of it from the record, but the author's one-sided, loose presentation doesn't help much. Some of the material has appeared in the *American Mercury*. Photographs.

RIP TIDE OF AGGRESSION, by Lilian T. Mowrer. Brief, more or less synchronized history of the three major strains of Fascism—German, Italian, and Japanese. Well condensed and includes some fresh interpretations, but on the whole fairly elementary.

SILENT ENEMIES, by Justina Hill. The injuries and diseases of war and what we know about controlling them, by the Johns Hopkins bacteriologist who wrote "Germs and the Man." Precise, up to date, and attractively written, though there is a need for a somewhat fuller and more technical treatment.

VICTORY IS NOT ENOUGH, by Egon Ranshofen-Wertheimer. The author



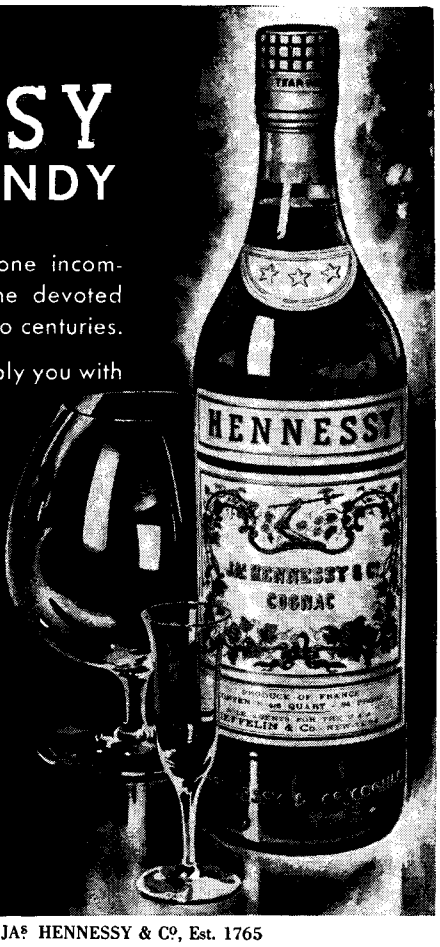
★★★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY
84 PROOF

Genuine ★★★ Hennessy is the one incomparable cognac which has been the devoted choice of connoisseurs for nearly two centuries.

Your dealer may still be able to supply you with ★★★ Hennessy Cognac Brandy, although importations ceased with the occupation of France.

A bottle of genuine ★★★ Hennessy will make a cherished gift for someone you especially favor. And its admirable quality, bouquet and "clean taste" will bring rare distinction to the season's festivities.

★ QUALITY
★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE



Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France. JAS HENNESSY & Co, Est. 1765

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

THE WEDGWOOD ROOM
XAVIER CUGAT
WITH HIS ORCHESTRA AND CHOIR
ROSARIO AND ANTONIO
SUPPER ONLY
FRAKSON
MAGIC AT DINNER & SUPPER
SUNDAY: Dinner-Dancing with Mischa Borr & his Orchestra (No Cover)
THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

Thank Johnny Appleseed
VB
For the apples in VB Old Fashioned Apple Sauce. More than 100 years ago he planted apple orchards in New York State.
GOLD LABEL
Old Fashioned
APPLE SAUCE
Packed by Lyndonville Canning Co.
Lyndonville, N. Y.

NEED A LIFT?
Take a Civilian Furlough in the DRY, SUNNY PIKES PEAK REGION
BROADMOOR Hotel
CHAS. R. DRAKE MGR.
COLORADO SPRINGS · COLORADO

THE SPA AT THE HOMESTEAD
VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS

Central Tower of The Homestead

UNEQUALLED FOR REST AND RELAXATION
NATURAL MINERAL BATHS
SEND FOR BOOKLET, "THE HOMESTEAD SPA"

Address The Homestead, Hot Springs, Va., or our New York office in the Waldorf, PLaza 8-2289. The Homestead is just overnight from you by train.

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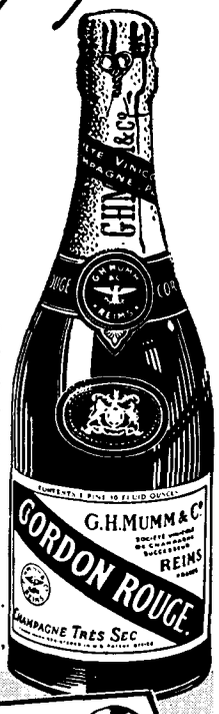
Yes... there's still plenty of Mumm's Champagne

huge stocks brought over before the fall of France

★

... that's why we can continue to supply the trade with the world's finest champagne for a long time to come.



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G. H. MUMM
Champagne
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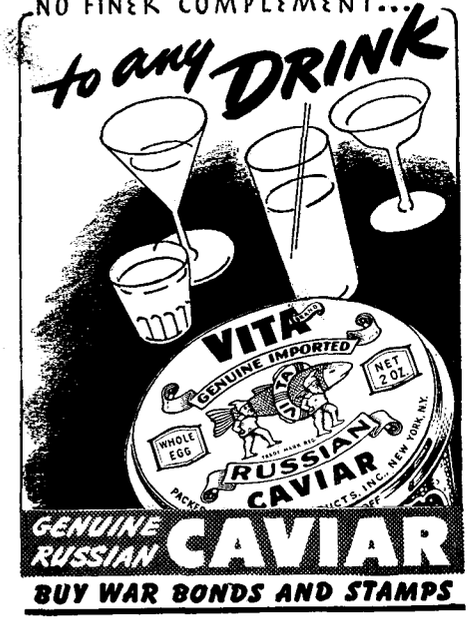
New York City
W. J. MULLIGAN & CO.,
San Francisco

MUMM'S the word

NO FINER COMPLEMENT... to any DRINK



GENUINE RUSSIAN CAVIAR

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

studies the complex problems of post-war organization and suggests, in a rather Machiavellian phrase, that "international machinery must be constructed so as to withstand the maximum of evil intentions from the greatest number of nations." Some good insight, but lots of muzzy thinking, too.

JEFFERSON HIMSELF, edited by Bernard Mayo. A fine job of editing Jefferson's letters, diaries, and papers into a full-length "autobiography" of the great and versatile President. Introductory notes. Illustrated.

A WEEK WITH GANDHI, by Louis Fischer. Recent informal talks with Gandhi, set down almost verbatim, plus a chapter of comment by the author. Reveals a good deal more about the Indian leader's personality and opinions than many heavier works do. Photographs.

REPORT FROM TOKYO, by Joseph C. Grew. A collection of former Ambassador Grew's speeches and statements, all stressing the point that Japan (like Germany) is seriously bent on universal conquest and the establishment of a universal slave state. The Japs will not collapse and nothing less than the total annihilation of their ruling class will bring permanent peace in the Pacific.

SCIENCE REMAKES OUR WORLD, by James Stokley. The latest techniques and products in such fields as explosives, fuel, synthetic clothing, glass, radio, lighting, and so on. Lots of information, but the writing is fairly humdrum. Good photographs.

OUR CHILDREN FACE WAR, by Anna W. M. Wolf. The author of "The Parents' Manual" offers sound, quiet counsel, based on experience, on the best methods of adjusting our children to a wartime environment. A boon for worried parents.

•

Lunchtime the patronage leans heavily toward Latin-American and Spanish, but in the evening the guests are mostly Americans, as Maria, the hostess, put it. *—Charles M. Sievert in the World-Telegram.*

Turning a phrase as only she can.

•

PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPT.

[*From the Washington Daily News*]

One dairy said:

"By-products will go off the market as a matter of necessity if there is a shortage of fluid milk. Our company already is buying cotton cheese in New York and having it shipped here."

MEMO

For 194? A.D. (After Duration): Revisit Phoenix

When it's gotta' snow, it's gotta' snow—and there's little you can do about it if you're tied to your desk in a cold climate for the duration. Ah, but you can dream, can't you—about Phoenix and its warm, dry *Certified-Climate** and those halcyon days when you can again vacation in the Valley of the Sun! What's more, you can sock away a raft of good old United States War Bonds, can't you, to hasten the day for your Phoenix sojourn to materialize!

**This climate was literally "Certified" when the Valley of the Sun was chosen by U. S. government officials for one of America's foremost aviation training centers because of its unexcelled weather conditions—high percentage of clear, warm, sunny days; low humidity, wind velocity, rainfall; ideal altitude.*

Phoenix Arizona

For free, profusely illustrated booklet and cartograph map, write Valley of the Sun Club, 2019 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Phoenix.

In the Valley of the Sun

TEDDY POWELL

And his Famous 18-Piece Recording Orchestra! . . . (Plus Frank Victor's Orchestra). The hit that's the Talk of the Town! Dancing for Dinner, Supper AND Luncheon in the Beautiful New

PLANTATION ROOM

Luncheon 65c—Dinner $1.25. Special rates to parties. *"Crowded to capacity every night since the opening"—Malcolm Johnson, The Sun.*

Plantation Terrace: Luncheon 45c—Dinner 75c.

NEVER A COVER OR MINIMUM CHARGE.

Make Reservations now for New Year's Eve!

$7.50 per person in the **Plantation Room**

$5.00 per person in the **Plantation Terrace**

HOTEL DIXIE 43rd St. W. of B'way.

La Crémaillère

RESTAURANT FRANÇAIS

24 East 62nd St.

extend

Greetings of the Season

to their many friends at home and overseas.

Antoine and Staff

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SOME DAY a drink will be put in your hand, and you'll take a sip . . . and pause in your talk while you take another, thoughtfully. And then you'll ask a question and the answer will be "That? . . . *That's Old Charter!*" And *you* will have made a friend for life . . . *For when we started with whiskey this noble by nature, then waited seven years while Time made it mellow and ripe . . . we were bound to wind up, as we have in Old Charter, with a whiskey that would get asked about . . . and remembered!*

This Christmas Give

OLD CHARTER

OLD CHARTER
Kentucky Straight
Bourbon Whiskey

A SUPERB AMERICAN WHISKEY MATURED TO 7-YEAR PERFECTION

THIS WHISKEY IS 7 YEARS OLD, 90 PROOF, STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY AND BACKED BY AN UNEQUALLED RESERVE OF THE SAME FINE WHISKEY NOW AGING TO ASSURE THE SAME ENJOYMENT FOR YEARS AHEAD! BERNHEIM DISTILLING COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

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Make it with Mount Vernon

What better choice for holiday hospitality could there be than "the bond of friendship"?*

HERE'S HOW TO MAKE A MOUNT VERNON EGGNOG

1 egg, tablespoon powdered sugar, 1 jigger of bottled in bond MOUNT VERNON (Brand), *3/4 glass milk.*

Beat white and yolk of egg separately. Add ingredients to yolk, then stir in beaten white. Shake well with ice, sprinkle with nutmeg and serve.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK • BOTTLED IN *BOND · 100 PROOF

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